

The Illustrated **LONDON NEWS**

February 1980 65p

David Wilson
THE VIKINGS

Tony Osman
CAN WE GET BY WITHOUT PETROL?

Sam Smith
**AMERICA AND
THE HOUSE OF
KENNEDY**



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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 6979 Volume 268 February 1980

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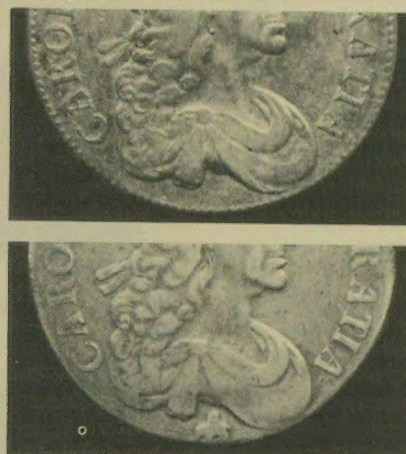
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Subscription rates: 12 issues plus Christmas number.
UK and Eire, second class mail £10.50.
Overseas, air-speeded delivery £14.
ISSN number: 0019-2422

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USA agents: British Publications Inc, 11-03 46th Avenue,
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ILN's GUIDE TO EVENTS

THEATRE

Amadeus. Paul Scofield, as Mozart's enemy, Salieri, in a richly theatrical play by Peter Shaffer, gives the performance of the year. Peter Hall directs. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Annie. The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. *Victoria Palace, SW1.*

As You Like It. John Dexter lifts Arden from the bare boards of his stage in a production with Sara Kestelman's Rosalind as a conspicuous pleasure. *Olivier.*

Bastard Angel. by Barrie Keeffe, directed by Bill Alexander. The story of a female rock star, with Charlotte Cornwell. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2.*

Beatlemania. The life story of the Beatles, direct from successful Broadway run. *Astoria, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Beecham. by Ned Sherrin & Caryl Brahms. A one-man show about Sir Thomas Beecham, with Timothy West as the conductor. Directed by Patrick Garland. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Bodies. An eloquent debating-play by James Saunders, with Dinsdale Landen triumphant as the dramatist's principal mouthpiece. *Ambassadors, West St, WC2.*

Born in the Gardens. New play by Peter Nichols, directed by Clifford Williams. With Barry Foster, Beryl Reid & Peter Bowles. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Can You Hear Me At The Back? Brian Clark's portrait of an architect, disenchanted professionally & domestically, owes much to the actor, Peter Barkworth. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1.* Until Feb 16.

The Caucasian Chalk Circle. RSC touring production, directed by John Caird. With Jane Carr & Alan Armstrong. *Warehouse.* Until Feb 23.

Chicago. This American musical as directed by Peter James for the Crucible Theatre, Sheffield, is a grand example of well ordered professionalism. *Cambridge, Earlham St, WC2.*

City Delights. The first of a new series of Lyric revues. Writers include John Antrobus, John Cleese, Alan Coren & Tim Brooke-Taylor. Directed by Richard Denning. *Lyric, King St, W6.* Until Feb 9.

The Club. Presented by the Nimrod Theatre of Australia, directed by John Bell. With David Williamson. *Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3.*

The Crucifer of Blood. A wild, neo-Gothic melodrama by Paul Giovanni, suggested—at a distance—by Conan Doyle's "The Sign of Four". It lives mainly on its splendid range of theatrical effects. *Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1.*

Death of a Salesman by Arthur Miller. Directed by Michael Rudman, with Warren Mitchell. *Lytelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Deathtrap. A tightly-filled box of tricks by the American dramatist Ira Levin, with Gareth Hunt as an author who can use a cross-bow. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Dirty Linen. This is, in effect, a double bill. Towards the end of Tom Stoppard's richly uninhibited farce about a House of Commons committee he slips in a witty duologue called "New-Found-Land". *Arts, Gt Newport St, WC2.*

An Evening with Tommy Steele. A likeable, undemanding entertainment, devoted principally to a versatile comedian at his friendliest. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1.*

Evita. Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional music drama, directed by Harold Prince. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1.*

Hello Dolly. A revival of the successful musical, with Carol Channing & Eddie Bracken. *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2.*

Hughie. A new production of Eugene O'Neill's play about New York "night people". Directed by Bill Bryden, with Stacy Keach. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Until Feb 16.

Ipi Tombi. A South African musical with music by Bertha Egnos, lyrics by Gale Lakier. *Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1.*

Jesus Christ Superstar. "The last seven days in the life of Jesus of Nazareth" as a noisy, spectacular musical; lyrics by Tim Rice, music by Andrew Lloyd Webber; director Jim Sharman. *Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The King & I. The only "puzzlement" is why the celebrated Rodgers & Hammerstein musical has not returned earlier to the London stage. Now with Yul Brynner & Virginia McKenna. *Palladium, Argyll St, W1.*

Last of the Red-Hot Lovers. In a New York apartment Neil Simon's middle-aged amorist seeks extra-marital exploits. He has three, none fortunate but cheerfully contrasted in the theatre. Lee Montague is the adventurer. *Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.*

Liberty Hall. New comedy by Michael Frayn, concerning a group of English writers gathered at Balmoral Castle in 1937. Directed by Alan Dossor, with George Cole. *Greenwich Theatre, Croom's Hill, SE10.*

The Long Voyage Home. Last year's production of four short plays by Eugene O'Neill, directed by Bill Bryden. *Cottesloe.* Until Feb 13.

Middle-Age Spread. An extremely efficient modern comedy by Roger Hall, with such experts as Richard Briers & Paul Eddington to lead it. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Much Ado About Nothing. The RSC's touring production, directed by Howard Davies. With Jill Baker & Alan Armstrong. *Warehouse.*

My Fair Lady. Shaw's Eliza, in her Lerner-Loewe musical development, is back again, & to stay: Liz Robertson as the transformed flowergirl & Tony Britton as her professor are triumphantly in command. *Adelphi, Strand, WC2.*

Night & Day. Tom Stoppard says some cogently forcible things about journalism in a play (set in Black Africa) with Susan Hampshire & Patrick Mower. *Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

No Sex Please—We're British. London's longest-running comedy, directed by Allan Davis, has passed 3,000 performances & shows no sign of flagging. *Strand, Aldwych, WC2.*

Not Now Darling. This revived farce, by Ray Cooney & John Chapman, is hardly a plausible guide to normal life in a West End furrier's, but as a rule Leslie Phillips is helpfully visible in the swirl of events. *Savoy, Strand, WC2.*

Oliver! An invigorating revival of Lionel Bart's musical. *Alberty, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

On Approval. Comedy by Frederick Lonsdale, with L. V. Hale, Brian Poyser & Elizabeth Chase. *St George's, Tufnell Park, N7.*

Once in a Lifetime. The Royal Shakespeare Company is blissfully occupied with the richest of all Hollywood fantasies, the 1930 farce by Moss Hart & George S. Kaufman, directed now by Trevor Nunn. *Piccadilly.* From Feb 20.

Piaf. An uninspiring play by Pam Gems is redeemed by Jane Lapotaire's acting. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.* until Feb 19. *Piccadilly.* from Feb 20.

Richard III. John Wood, in a relishing externalized performance of Richard, does not really chill the mind. Christopher Morahan directs. *Olivier.*

Richard III. A production by the Rustaveli Company from Georgia, USSR, seen at the 1979 Edinburgh Festival. Directed by Robert Sturua, with Revaz Chkhaide. *Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1.* Jan 28-Feb 9.

Rookery Nook. The things that happen at Chumpton-on-Sea are safe in the record of English farce. For their revival Ben Travers has a happily responsive cast led by Nicky Henson as a versatile successor to Ralph Lynn. *Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1.*

Stage Struck. Simon Gray's venture into the farcical-tragical is an unexpectedly inferior play: the label, no doubt, is a "thriller". Alan Bates & Nigel Stock are the principals. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.*

The Undertaking. A dramatist for the future, Trevor Baxter, has had an imaginative idea heightened by the acting of a cast led by Kenneth Williams. *Fortune, Russell St, WC2.*

When We Are Married. J. B. Priestley gets his knife & fork into the splendid high tea of this broad comedy of West Riding manners 70 years ago. Directed by Robin Lefevre, with performances of sustained relish by all concerned. *Lytelton.*

The Wild Duck. One of Ibsen's most testing plays, with its lunge at blind idealism, this is closely directed by Christopher Morahan, with Stephen Moore, Michael Bryant, Ralph Richardson & Eva Griffith as, respectively, self-deceiver, meddling idealist, grandfather lost in fantasy & tragic girl. Christopher Hampton's translation is new. *Olivier.*

First Nights

The Greeks. A cycle of ten Greek plays given as a trilogy—"The War", "The Murders" & "The

Gods"—with occasional days when all three plays will be performed. Directed by John Barton & Gillian Lynne, with Mike Gwilym, Janet Suzman, Billie Whitelaw, Tony Church & John Shrapnel. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2.* Feb 2.

The People Show 84. a performance art group. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Feb 2-16.

A Life. New play by Hugh Leonard, performed in connexion with "A Sense of Ireland" festival. *Old Vic, The Cut, SE1.* Feb 4-16.

The Key Tag. by Michael McGrath. A play about family relationships, set in a clothes shop in the North of England. *Royal Court Upstairs, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Feb 7-Mar 1.

The Risen People by James Plunkett. The play was originally written for radio and formed the basis of the same author's novel "Strumpet City" about Dublin in 1913. Performed by the Irish theatre group Project. *Institute of Contemporary Arts, Nash House, The Mall, SW1.* Feb 6-23.

The Man Who Boxed Like John McCormack. by Ian McPherson. The story of the famous Irish boxer, Jack Doyle, presented by Green Fields & Far Away Theatre Company. *Lyric, King St, W6.* Feb 11-16.

Country Life. Italian comedy by Goldoni, translated by Robert David MacDonald. *Lyric, W6.* Feb 12-Mar 8.

Dr Faustus. A new adaptation specially written for this theatre. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Feb 25-Mar 15.

Thee & Me. by Philip Martin. Directed by Michael Rudman, with Ian Hogg, Mary Maddox & Billy McColl. *Lytelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Feb 26.

The Loud Boy's Life. New play by Howard Barker about the work and loves of Ezra Fricker, parliamentarian, poet, TV personality & hero of the blitz. Directed by Howard Davies. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2.* Feb 27.

The Liberty Suit. by Peter Sheridan. The play is set in the 1970s & centres on a convicted arsonist who becomes the hero of a juvenile detention centre. Presented by the Irish theatre group Project. *Royal Court.* Feb 28-Mar 15.

Rose. Comedy by Andrew Davies, with Glenda Jackson as a Midlands primary school-teacher. Directed by Alan Dossor. *Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2.* Feb 28.

Christmas & children's shows

Dick Whittington. directed by Roger Redfarn, with Dickie Henderson, Arthur Askey, Patrick Cargill & Barbara Windsor. *Richmond, The Green, Richmond, Surrey.* Until Feb 2.

Aladdin. directed by Michael Hurl, with Cilla Black, Don Maclean, Frankie Desmond & John Gower. *Wimbledon, The Broadway, SW19.* Until Feb 2.

Aladdin. New Christmas musical by Sandy Wilson, directed by David Giles. *Lyric, W6.* Until Feb 2.

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. Gilbert & Sullivan season: The Gondoliers, The Mikado, The Pirates of Penzance, Iolanthe, HMS Pinafore, The Yeoman of the Guard, The Sorcerer. *Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1.* Until Feb 16.

Holiday on Ice. *Wembley Arena, Wembley, Middx.* Until Feb 24.

CINEMA

The following is a selection of films currently showing in London or on general release.

Agatha. Vanessa Redgrave's performance as the eponymous heroine is the only good reason for seeing this fanciful version of why the famous authoress went missing in darkest Harrogate.

Airport 80: the Concorde. Disaster movie directed by David Lowell Rich. With Alain Delon, Susan Blakely, Robert Wagner & Sylvie Kristel.

The Amityville Horror. The story of nightmare events which overtook a family after moving into a house in Long Island. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg, with James Brolin, Margot Kidder & Rod Steiger.

Apocalypse Now. Francis Ford Coppola's near-mastpiece using the Vietnam war to explore Conradian themes of good and evil. On the sensuous level it is a stunning re-creation of a lunatic war but it also has a tenacious sense of moral blackness.

Bear Island. directed by Don Sharp, from Alistair Maclean's book about a group of scientists investigating the changing world climate who

find themselves on a desolate island with a secret Nato base. With Donald Sutherland, Vanessa Redgrave, Richard Widmark & Christopher Lee. **The Black Hole.** Disney production about a spaceship being drawn towards a black hole in space. Directed by Gary Nelson, with Maximilian Schell, Ernest Borgnine & Anthony Perkins.

Bread & Chocolate. Prize-winning Italian film written & directed by Franco Brusati, about the plight of Italian immigrant workers in Switzerland.

Breaking Away. Comedy about four American teenagers & the ambition of one of them to become a champion racing cyclist. Directed by Peter Yates, with Paul Dooley, Denis Christopher & Denis Quaid.

The Brinks Job. A comedy-thriller directed by William Friedkin. With Peter Falk & Peter Boyle as small-time crooks who plan a big bank robbery.

Caravans. Based on the book by James Michener about an American girl's marriage to an Afghan. Directed by James Fargo, with Anthony Quinn, Jennifer O'Neill & Michael Sarrazin.

The China Syndrome. Will the nuclear reactor self-destruct? Will Southern California be destroyed? A topical thriller about nuclear power that confuses rather than clarifies the issues, but Jack Lemmon & Jane Fonda are very watchable.

The Deer Hunter. A deeply affecting film about friendship, love & American involvement in Vietnam. Politically, it is not very penetrating but Michael Cimino's direction has an epic sweep astonishing in a second film, & the performances are exemplary.

Escape from Alcatraz. The story of the only convict ever to escape from the island prison. Directed by Don Siegel, with Clint Eastwood & Patrick McGeehan.

The Europeans. based on a story by Henry James, directed by James Ivory. With Lee Remick & Robin Ellis.

The Frisco Kid. Whimsical Robert Aldrich joke-Western about a Polish rabbi mixed up with a bank-robber on a trek to San Francisco. No place to go for a laugh.

Game for Vultures. Action-drama set in Africa, involving terrorist warfare, helicopter arms deals & sanction-busting. Directed by James Fargo, with Richard Harris, Richard Roundtree & Joan Collins.

The Getaway. Steve McQueen as a bank robber & Ali MacGraw as his accomplice in a film directed by Sam Peckinpah.

Goin' South. A post-Civil War comedy-Western directed by & starring Jack Nicholson. With Mary Steenburgen, Christopher Lloyd & John Belushi.

Hair. A graceful, elegantly made musical that treats the show as a quaint, charming, period fairy-tale. Miroslav Ondricek's photography makes the hippie world of the late 60s look surprisingly appetising.

Hanover Street. A 1943 love-story for which the publicity says "There hasn't been a movie like this in years." Indeed no. Lesley-Anne Down & Harrison Ford star.

The House on Garibaldi Street. Based on the true story of Eichmann's capture in South America & his trial in Israel. Directed by Peter Collinson, with Topol, Alfred Burke, Janet Suzman & Martin Balsam.

Hullabaloo over Georgie & Bonnie's Pictures. directed by James Ivory & originally shown on television. Peggy Ashcroft plays a collector trying to acquire miniatures belonging to an Indian Maharaja & his sister.

The In-laws. Frantic but very funny American comedy about a New York dentist unwillingly involved with a CIA daredevil. Superb performances from Peter Falk & Alan Arkin.

The Jericho Mile. Shot inside Folsom State Prison in California, the film stars Peter Strauss as a convict attempting to qualify for the Olympic mile run. Directed by Michael Mann.

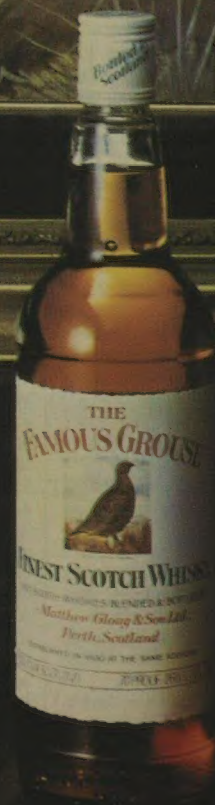
Junoon. Indian film directed by Shyam Benegal, a romantic drama set during the Indian Mutiny.

The Left-Handed Woman. A first film by novelist & playwright, Peter Handke, that is so painterly & overwrought that it squeezes some of the life out of its portrait of suburban boredom & isolation. But it is good to see such fine German actors as Bruno Ganz & Edith Clever on screen.

A Little Romance. Olivier graces with his astonishing presence a rather soppy love story about two 13-year-olds venturing to Venice in order to kiss under the Bridge of Sighs. For



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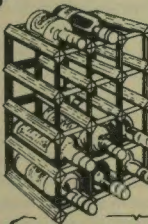
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Olivier fans only.

Lost & Found. A romantic comedy directed by Mel Frank, with George Segal as a widowed American professor & Glenda Jackson as an English divorcee.

Love at First Bite. Contemporary parody of the Dracula legend. Directed by Stan Dragoti, with George Hamilton, Richard Benjamin, Arte Johnson & Susan Saint James.

Love on the Run. François Truffaut's latest film, with Jean-Pierre Léaud as Antoine Doinel reviewing his life in a series of flashbacks from Truffaut's earlier films.

La Luna. Directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, the film shows the changing relationship between a mother & her son. With Jill Clayburgh & Matthew Barry.

Mad Max. Australian film about Hell's Angels & their battles with the police. Directed by George Miller, with Mel Gibson & Joanne Samuel.

Manhattan. Woody Allen's best film to date. A sharp look at contemporary manners in New York but also an indictment of the materialism & spiritual emptiness of much of modern America.

Martin. Horror film directed by George A. Romero, with John Amplas, Lincoln Maazel & Christine Forrest.

Meetings with Remarkable Men. Peter Brook's film based on G. I. Gurdjieff's book. With Dragan Maksimovic, Mikica Dimitrijevic, Terence Stamp & Athol Fugard.

Meteor. Large pieces from a meteor fall to many different places on earth, causing a trail of disasters. Directed by Robert Neame, with Sean Connery, Natalie Wood & Henry Fonda.

Monty Python's Life of Brian. Some see it as a blasphemous parody of the life of Christ. In fact it is a patchy plea for never subscribing wholeheartedly to any particular faith or cause.

Moonraker. Latest James Bond film, directed by Lewis Gilbert, with Roger Moore, Lois Chiles, Corinne Clery & Michael Lonsdale.

Norma Rae. Cheerful, humanist film about the growing political & personal awareness of a textile girl. Sally Field is first-rate as the mill-hand who discovers her own voice.

The Outsider. Intelligent and worthwhile attempt to grapple with the problems of Ulster. Director Tony Luraschi takes a bleak and disenchanted view of the Irish problem without ever scoring propaganda points.

A Perfect Couple. A comedy about two unlikely people who meet through computer dating in New York. Directed by Robert Altman, with Marta Heflin & Paul Dooley.

Pretty Baby. Louis Malle's controversial film about a 12-year-old girl in a Storyville brothel. Soft-edged & voyeuristic.

Prisoner of Zenda. Directed by Richard Quine, with Peter Sellers playing three different roles. Also starring Lynne Frederick, Lionel Jeffries & Elke Sommer.

Rich Kids. The relationship between two 12-year-olds drawn together by the common bond of rich, divorcing parents. Directed by Robert Young, with Trini Alvarado, Jeremy Levy, Kathryn Walker & John Lithgow.

Saint Jack. Competent Peter Bogdanovich movie about a saintly pimp in Singapore. But are pimps really that nice?

Slow Dancing in the Big City. A romance between a New York newspaper columnist & a ballet dancer. Directed by John Avildsen, with Paul Sorvino & Anne Ditchburn.

Stories from a Flying Trunk. Directed by Christine Edzard, the film uses ballet & animation to tell three tales from Hans Andersen. With Murray Melvin as Andersen.

Sybil. Directed by Daniel Petrie, with Joanne Woodward, Sally Field & Brad Davis. The film is based on the true story of 11 years' psychiatric treatment of a woman with 16 warring personalities.

The Warriors. A tense story of a gang trying to reach their base in Coney Island via the streets & subways of Manhattan. In America the film has caused a furore: here it simply seems like a well-paced exercise in suspense.

Why Not Stay for Breakfast? A love story set in New York. Directed by Terence Marcel, with Gemma Craven & George Chakiris.

Woyzeck. Directed by Werner Herzog from George Büchner's stage play, with Klaus Kinski in the title role.

Yanks. A lengthy account of the impact of American soldiers on a small Lancashire town in wartime. John Schlesinger directs with careful competence but the film rarely becomes more

than a nostalgic wallow.

Yesterday's Hero. Catchpenny attempt to combine the worlds of professional soccer and pop. Jackie Collins scripted. Perhaps she should stick to studs of a different kind.

Zulu Dawn. Disappointing follow-up to "Zulu". This deals with a battle the British lost at the hands of Chief Cetshwayo in 1879 but though director Douglas Hickox contrives some fine spectacle the tactics are confused.

BALLET

ROYAL BALLET, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2:

The Sleeping Beauty, choreography Petipa, music Tchaikovsky; with Collier, Silver, Feb 6; with Ellis, Deane, Feb 15; with Porter, Hosking, Feb 26; with Penney, Wall, Feb 28.

Triple bill, Feb 8, 11, 14, 16 2pm, 20, 22: **Four Schumann Pieces,** choreography MacMillan, music Schumann, with Eagling; **A Month in the Country,** choreography Ashton, music Chopin; with Porter, Coleman, Feb 8, 14, 22; with Park, Silver, Feb 11, 20; with Conley, Wall, Feb 16; **Elite Syncopations,** choreography MacMillan, music Joplin; with Park, Wall, Feb 8, 11, 20; with Penney, Deane, Feb 14, 22; with Collier, Hosking, Feb 16.

Triple bill, Feb 23, 25, 29: **La Fin du Jour,** choreography MacMillan, music Ravel; with Park, Penney, Eagling, Hosking; **Voluntaries,** choreography Tetley, music Poulenc; with Thorogood, Wall, Feb 23, 25; with Collier, Eagling, Feb 29; **Mam'zelle Angot,** choreography Massine, music Lecocq; with Collier, Sleep, Penney, Jefferies, Feb 23, 25; with Whitten, Coleman, Porter, Hosking, Feb 29.

DANCE UMBRELLA 80. Until Mar 22:

From Britain

Richard Alston & Dancers.

Arnolfini, Bristol. Feb 22, 23.

The Place, 17 Dukes Rd, WC1. Feb 27-Mar 2.

Rosemary Butcher.

Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6. Feb 19, 20.

Dancework.

ICA, The Mall, W1. Feb 1.

Maedee Dupres.

Riverside Studios. Feb 2, 3.

Fergus Early & Jacky Lansley.

ICA. Feb 1.

Emma Dance Company.

Riverside Studios. Feb 2, 3.

Janet Smith.

Riverside Studios. Jan 31, Feb 1.

Maas Movers.

Riverside Studios. Jan 29, 30.

Miranda Tufnell.

Whitechapel Art Gallery, Whitechapel High St, E1. Feb 26-28.

Ballet Rambert.

Riverside Studios. Feb 17.

Royal Ballet.

Riverside Studios. Feb 6, 7.

From overseas

Pauline de Groot & Dancers, from Holland.

Riverside Studios. Feb 15, 16.

Simone Forti & Peter Van Riper, from the USA.

Whitechapel Art Gallery. Feb 29, Mar 2.

David Gordon & Valda Setterfield, from the USA.

Arnolfini. Jan 25, 26.

Riverside Studios. Jan 29-31.

Danny Grossman Dance Company, from Canada.

Sherman Theatre, Cardiff. Feb 8, 9.

Riverside Studios. Feb 12-14.

Arnolfini. Feb 15, 16.

Arts Centre, Plymouth. Feb 22, 23.

Elisa Monte & David Brown, from the USA.

Sherman Theatre. Feb 1, 2.

Riverside Studios. Feb 5, 10.

Arnolfini. Feb 8, 9.

Steve Paxton, from the USA.

Sherman Theatre. Jan 26.

Riverside Studios. Feb 8, 9.

Naomi Sorkin, from the USA.

Plymouth Arts Centre. Jan 25, 26.

Ballet of the Wuppertal Opera, from Germany.

Riverside Studios. Feb 19-23.

BALLET RAMBERT on tour:

Ziggurat/Celebration/Sidewalk, new work by Alston/Rag Dances/Night with Waning Moon.

Haymarket, Leicester. Feb 5-9.

Theatre Royal, York. Feb 12-16.

As above, & **The Tempest.**

Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-

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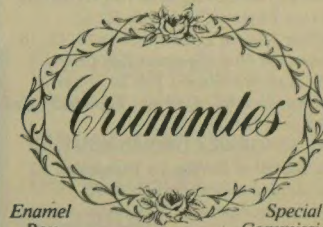


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Avon. Feb 26-Mar 1.

NORTHERN BALLET THEATRE on tour:
Cinderella, Madame Butterfly/Tchaikovsky Suite.

Towngate Theatre, Poole. Jan 28-Feb 2.
Coppélia.

Festival Theatre, Chichester. Feb 4-9.

Cinderella.

Gaumont, Doncaster. Feb 12-16.

Civic Theatre, Darlington. Feb 18-23.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET on tour:

Coppélia, Concerto/Playground/The Grand Tour, Les Sylphides/The Two Pigeons, Dances Concertantes/British première of Hynd's *Papillon*, music Offenbach (Feb 7).

Grand Theatre, Leeds. Jan 28-Feb 9.

As above, & world première of **new ballet** by Bintley (Feb 15)/*Pavane/The Two Pigeons.*

Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. Feb 11-16.

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Avenue, EC1. Feb 19-Mar 1.

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA, Covent Garden, WC2:

Werther, conductor C. Davis, with José Carreras as Werther, Frederica von Stade as Charlotte, Jonathan Summers as Albert, Isobel Buchanan as Sophie. Feb 1, 4, 7, 13.

Otello, conductor Kleiber, with Plácido Domingo as Otello, Margaret Price as Desdemona, Silvano Carroli as Iago. Feb 5, 9, 12, 16, 19.

Eugene Onegin, conductor Downes, with Yuri Masurok as Onegin, Eugenia Moldoveanu as Tatiana, Stuart Burrows as Lensky. Feb 18, 21, 27.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

Don Giovanni, conductor Friend, with Richard Van Allan as Giovanni, Lois McDonall as Anna, Elizabeth Connell as Elvira, Stuart Kale as Ottavio, Harold Blackburn as Leporello. Feb 1, 6, 8, 14, 21, 25, 28.

The Force of Destiny, conductor Williams, with Josephine Barstow as Leonora, Henry Howell as Alvaro, Neil Howlett as Carlos, John Tomlinson as Father Guardiano. Feb 2.

The Merry Widow, conductor Krips/Vivienne, with Anne Howells/Catherine Wilson as Hanna Glawari, Emile Belcourt/Stuart Harling as Danilo, Della Jones as Valencienne, Eric Shilling as Baron Mirko. Feb 5, 7, 9, 13, 16, 18, 20, 22, 27, Mar 1.

Manon, conductor Cleobury, with Valerie Masterson as Manon, John Treleaven as Des Grieux, Richard Van Allan as Count Des Grieux, Niall Murray as Lescaut. Feb 15, 19, 23, 26, 29.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA NORTH:
The Merry Widow, Hansel and Gretel.

Tameside Theatre, Ashton-under-Lyne. Feb 5-9.

The Merry Widow, Hansel and Gretel, Carmen.

New Theatre, Hull. Feb 12-16.

Coventry Theatre, Coventry. Feb 19-23.

SCOTTISH OPERA:

The Bartered Bride, The Two Widows.

Theatre Royal, Newcastle. Feb 6-9.

The Bartered Bride.

Theatre Royal, Glasgow. Feb 20, 23.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA, New Theatre, Cardiff:

The Coronation of Poppea, Eugene Onegin, Ernani, Tristan und Isolde. Feb 26-Mar 8.

OPERA 80:

The Barber of Seville, The Marriage of Figaro.

Pavilion, Weymouth. Jan 28, 29.

Northcott Theatre, Exeter. Jan 31-Feb 2.

Playhouse, Weston-super-Mare. Feb 4, 5.

Festival Theatre, Malvern. Feb 7, 8.

Leisure Centre, Bridgnorth. Feb 9. (Barber)

Lyceum Theatre, Crewe. Feb 11, 12.

Nuffield Theatre, Lancaster. Feb 13, 15, 16.

Coronation Hall, Ulverston. Feb 18, 19.

Civic Hall, Whitehaven. Feb 20. (Figaro)

Northumberland County Technical College, Ashington. Feb 22, 23.

THE SINGERS' COMPANY:

The Barber of Seville, La Perichole.

The Hexagon, Reading. Feb 18-20.

Arts Centre, Horsham. Feb 21-23.

Wyvern Theatre, Swindon. Feb 28-Mar 1.

MUSIC

ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7:
Massed Bands of the Royal Marines, director

Mason. A tribute to the late Earl Mountbatten of Burma. Feb 6, 7, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Krips. Peter Katin, piano. Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 4 in G; Brahms, Symphony No 1 in C minor. Feb 8, 15, 7.45pm.

New Symphony Orchestra, Band of the Grenadier Guards, conductor Tausky. Philip Martin, piano. Tchaikovsky evening. Feb 10, 7.30pm.

London Concert Orchestra, Jack Rothstein, director & violin. Strauss gala. Feb 16, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Klein. Henryk Szeryng, violin. Beethoven, Violin Concerto; Tchaikovsky, Violin Concerto. Feb 17, 7.30pm.

Wren Orchestra, conductor Daras. Janis Vakarellis, piano. Tchaikovsky, Piano Concerto No 1; Brahms, Symphony No 4 in E minor. Feb 25, 7.30pm.

London Savoyards Orchestra & Choir, conductor Burrows. Gilbert & Sullivan, The Pirates of Penzance. Feb 29, 7.30pm.

ST JOHN'S, Smith Sq, SW1:

Salomon Orchestra, conductor Brown; Jonathan Williams, cello. Shostakovich, Cello Concerto No 1; Rachmaninov, Symphony No 2 in E minor. Feb 5, 8pm.

Coro Cappella, conductor Turner; Emma Kirkby, soprano; Anthony Rooley, lute. Palestrina, Missa Papae Marcelli; works by Sheppard, Tallis & Morales; Italian & Spanish songs. Feb 8, 7.30pm.

Stuttgart Piano Trio. Beethoven, Trio Movement in B flat, Trio in E flat Op 70 No 2; Haydn, Trio in G minor Hob 19. Feb 11, 1pm.

Whispering Wind Band, conductor Hacker. Serenade for St Valentine; Hummel, Octet—Partita in E flat; Haydn, Symphony No 92; Beethoven, Rondino in E flat; Dvorak, Serenade in D minor Op 44. Feb 14, 7.30pm.

New Mozart Orchestra, conductor Fairbairn; Rolf Wilson, violin; Martin Gatt, bassoon. Haydn, Symphony No 49 in F minor; Mozart, Violin Concerto No 4 in D K218; Bassoon Concerto in B flat K191; Symphony No 25 in G minor K183. Feb 17, 7.30pm.

Gidon Kremer, violin. Feb 18, 1pm.

George Caird, oboe; **John Blakely**, piano. C.P.E. Bach, Oboe Sonata in G minor; Saint-Saëns, Oboe Sonata Op 166; Poulenc, Sonata for oboe & piano. Feb 21, 1.15pm.

La Grande Ecurie et la Chambre du Roy, conductor Malgoire; Paul Esswood, counter tenor. Charpentier, Sonata No 6; Vivaldi, Cessate ormai Cessate; Handel, Airs & instrumental pieces from Xerxes & Rinaldo. Feb 22, 7.30pm.

Munich Brass Soloists. Handel, Music for the Royal Fireworks; Gabrieli, Two Canzonas; Reiche, Baroque Suite; Purcell, Suite; Bozza, Suite française; Koetsier, Brass Quintet; Horowitz, Music Hall Suite. Feb 24, 7.30pm.

Edith Vogel, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in B flat Op 106. Feb 25, 1pm.

City of London Baroque Sinfonia, conductor Hickox; Alexander Skeaping, Ruth Dyson, forte-pianos. Mozart, Adagio & fugue in C minor K546, Fortepiano Concerto K488, Symphony No 29 K201, Concerto for two forte-pianos & orchestra No 10 K365. Feb 28, 7.30pm.

Ulster Chamber Orchestra, conductor Thomson. Berlioz, Nuits d'été Op 7; Brahms, Serenade No 1 in D Op 11. In connexion with the festival of the Irish arts, A Sense of Ireland. Feb 29, 7.30pm.

SOUTH BANK, SE1:

(*FH*=Festival Hall, *EH*=Queen Elizabeth Hall, *PR*=Purcell Room)

Daniel Barenboim, piano. Chopin, Ballade, Nocturne, Sonata in B minor Op 58, 24 Preludes, Op 28. Feb 1, 8pm. *FH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Dorati; Shlomo Mintz, violin. Tchaikovsky, Violin Concerto, Symphony No 6. Feb 3, 3.15pm. *FH*.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Pritchard; Christoph Eschenbach, piano. Brahms, Variations on the St Anton Choral; Mozart, Piano Concerto in G K453; Rimsky-Korsakov, Scheherazade. Feb 3, 7.30pm. *FH*.

Balint Vazsonyi, piano. Schubert, Sonata in G D894; Debussy, Suite Bergamasque; Dohnányi, Rhapsody No 2 in F sharp minor, Capriccio in B minor. Feb 3, 3pm. *EH*.

Julian Lloyd Webber, cello; **Yitkin Seow**, piano. Debussy, Sonata in D minor; Britten, Sonata in C Op 65; Rachmaninov, Sonata in G minor. Feb 3, 7.15pm. *EH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Collegium Musicum of London, ladies, conductor Weller. Mayumi Fujikawa, violin. Strauss, Don Juan;

Mozart, Violin Concerto in D K218; Holst, The Planets. Feb 5, 8pm. *FH*.

Amadeus Quartet. Malcolm Binns, piano. Mozart, Quartet in D K499; Schumann, Quartet in A Op 41 No 3, Piano Quintet in E flat Op 44. Feb 5, 7.45pm. *EH*.

London Mozart Players, conductor Blech. Peter Frankl, piano. Mozart, Symphony No 27; Mendelssohn, Piano Concerto No 2; Beethoven, Symphony No 3. Feb 6, 8pm. *FH*.

Karoly Botvay, cello; **Clifford Benson**, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in G minor Op 5 No 2, Sonata in A Op 69, Variations on a theme from Handel's Judas Maccabeus, Sonata in D Op 102 No 2. Feb 6, 7.30pm. *PR*.

Abbey Simon, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in F minor Op 57; Schumann, Carnaval; Liszt, Six Etudes after Paganini. Feb 7, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Weller. Pascal Roge, piano. Dukas, The Sorcerer's Apprentice, Ravel, Piano Concerto in G. Bolero; Debussy, La Mer. Feb 8, 8pm. *FH*.

English Chamber Orchestra. George Malcolm, conductor & piano; Andras Schiff, piano; Jose-Luis Garcia, violin; Neil Black, oboe. Bach, Suite No 3, Piano Concerto in E BWV 1053, Concerto in D minor for violin & oboe BWV 1060, Concerto in C for two pianos BWV 1061. Feb 8, 7.45pm. *EH*.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Abbado. Maurizio Pollini, piano. Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 3; Mahler, Symphony No 5. Feb 10, 3.15pm. *FH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Muti. Salvatore Accardo, violin. Brahms, Violin Concerto, Symphony No 4. Feb 10, 7.30pm. *FH*.

Goldsmiths' Choral Union, Musicians of London, conductor Wright. Felicity Lott, soprano; Ann Murray, contralto; Martyn Hill, tenor; Richard Jackson, bass. Bach, Mass in B minor. Feb 11, 8pm. *FH*.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Mata. John Williams, guitar. Rodrigo, Concierto de Aranjuez; Shostakovich, Symphony No 5. Feb 12, 8pm. *FH*.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, BBC singers, men, conductor Gielen. Janis Martin, soprano; Thomas Herndon, Philip Langridge, Robin Leggate, tenors; Barry Mora, Gunter Reich, David Wilson-Johnson, baritones; Michael Rippon, David Thomas, bass-baritones. Busoni, Doktor Faust. Feb 13, 8pm. *FH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Muti. Carl Pini, violin. Vivaldi, The Four Seasons; Beethoven, Symphony No 6. Feb 14, 8pm. *FH*.

Daniel Wayenberg, piano. Brahms, Acht Klavierstücke Op 76, Two Rhapsodies Op 79, Three Intermezzi Op 117, Variations & Fugue on a theme by Handel. Feb 14, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, Bach Choir, conductor Willcocks. Teresa Cahill, soprano; Anne Collins, contralto; Kenneth Bowen, tenor; Ian Caddy, bass; Simon Preston, organ. Kodály, Te Deum; Poulenc, Organ Concerto; Janacek, Glagolitic Mass. Feb 15, 8pm. *FH*.

Daniel Barenboim, piano. Liszt, Première Année: Suisse, Sonata in B minor. Feb 17, 3.15pm. *FH*.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Mata. Andrei Gavrilov, piano. Ravel, Le Tombeau de Couperin; Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 3; Dvorak, Symphony No 7. Feb 17, 7.30pm. *FH*.

London Concert Orchestra, conductor Dods. Andrew Haigh, piano. Schubert, Entr'acte, Rosamunde, Symphony No 8; Mozart, Piano Concerto in C K467; Mendelssohn, Overture, Intermezzo & Scherzo: A Midsummer Night's Dream. Feb 17, 7.15pm. *EH*.

London Mozart Players, Royal Choral Society, conductor Meredith Davies. Jane Manning, soprano; Helen Watts, contralto; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Richard Morton, tenors; David Wilson-Johnson, baritone; Malcolm King, bass. Bach, St John Passion. Feb 18, 8pm. *FH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Weller. Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Robert Tear, tenor. Schubert, Symphony No 5; Mahler, Das Lied von der Erde. Feb 19, 8pm. *FH*.

Bureau Piano Trio. Fauré, Trio Op 120; Stoker, Concertino No 1 for violin & cello duo, Concertino No 2 for piano trio; Turina, Trio No 1; Brahms, Trio in C Op 87. Feb 20, 7.30pm. *PR*.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Andrew Davis; Janina Fialkowska, piano. Janacek, Taras Bulba; Mozart, Piano Concerto in C minor K491; Schumann, Symphony No 2. Feb 21, 8pm. *FH*.

Rudolf Kirksny, piano. Haydn, Sonata No 49

in E flat; Schubert, Sonata in A minor D784; Janacek, IX 1905; Mussorgsky, Pictures at an Exhibition. Feb 21, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Karoly Botvay, cello; **Clifford Benson**, piano. Beethoven, Seven Variations from Mozart's Zauberflöte, Sonata in F Op 5 No 1; 12 Variations from Mozart's Zauberflöte, Sonata in C Op 102 No 1. Feb 21, 7.30pm. *PR*.

Hallé Orchestra, conductor Loughran. Joaquín Achúcarro, piano. Rachmaninov, Rhapsody on a theme of Paganini; Shostakovich, Symphony No 10. Feb 22, 8pm. *FH*.

English Chamber Orchestra, conductor Atherton. Robert Tear, tenor. Mathias, Divertimento for string orchestra; Britten, Nocturne Op 60; Beethoven, Symphony No 1. Feb 22, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Prague Symphony Orchestra, conductor Belohlavek. Václav Hudeček, violin. Janacek, Suite, The Cunning Little Vixen; Sibelius, Violin Concerto; Dvorak, Symphony No 9. Feb 23, 8pm. *FH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Brighton Festival Chorus, conductor Weller. Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Anne Howells, contralto. Mozart, Masonic Funeral Music K477; Mahler, Symphony No 2. Feb 24, 7.30pm. *FH*.

Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in D Op 10 No 3; Rachmaninov, Sonata No 2 in B flat minor; Chopin, 24 Preludes Op 28. Feb 25, 8pm. *FH*.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, conductor Loughran. Clifford Curzon, piano. Musgrave, Concerto for Orchestra; Elgar, Falstaff; Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 4. Feb 27, 8pm. *FH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Chailly. Gidon Kremer, violin. Schumann, Violin Concerto; Franck, Symphony in D minor. Feb 28, 8pm. *FH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Maazel. Rudolf Kirksny, piano. Brahms, Piano Concerto No 1, Symphony No 1, Feb 29, 8pm. *FH*.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1:

Schumann Cycle: Peter Frankl, piano. Schumann, Novelletten, Kinderszenen, Etudes symphoniques. Feb 2; Fantasiestücke Op 111, Fantasiestücke Op 12, Fantaisie Op 17. Feb 13; 7.30pm.

L'Ecole d'Orphée. Stephen Preston, John Holloway, Micaela Combetti, Susan Sheppard, John Toll, with Philip Pickett, recorder. Handel, Trio Sonata for recorder, violin & continuo, Trio Sonata for two violins & continuo, Sonata for flute & continuo. Music by Corelli, Scarlatti & Vivaldi. Feb 3, 7.30pm.

Vega Wind Quintet. Haydn, Divertimento in B flat; Telemann, Duet in F minor for flute & oboe; Nielsen, Quintet; Mozart, Fantasia für eine Orgelwalze K608; Stamitz, Quartet in E flat; Patterson, Comedy for five winds. Feb 5, 7.30pm.

A Sense of Ireland, festival of the Irish arts:

Radio Telefís Éireann Académica String Quartet. May, Quartet in C minor; Schubert, Quartet in D minor. Feb 6; **Radio Telefís Éireann Singers**, conductor Sweeney; Veronica McSwiney, piano. Vaughan Williams, Musgrave, Field, Beethoven, Schubert, Potter, Boydell, Buckley, Prokofiev, Poulenc. Feb 10; **Music North**. Irene Sandford, soprano; Jack Smith, baritone; Barry Douglas, Havelock Nelson, pianos. Beethoven, Walton, Liszt, Ferguson, Hamilton Harty. Feb 12; **John O'Connor**, piano. Beethoven, Wilson, Field, Victory, Berkeley, Scriabin. Feb 17; **Bernadette Greevy**, mezzo-contralto; **John O'Connor**, piano. Handel, Lascia ch'io pianga, Verdi prati, La speranza; Schumann, Frauenliebe und Leben; Ravel, Cinq mélodies populaires grecques. Feb 19; 7.30pm.

Nigel Rogers, tenor; **Colin Tilney**, harpsichord. Frescobaldi, Sigismondo d'India. Blamont, Blow, Purcell, Sances, 17th-century songs & keyboard music. Feb 7, 7.30pm.

Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano. Feb 9, 7.30pm.

Medici String Quartet. Stravinsky, Three Pieces; Meriläinen, Quartet No 1; Ravel, Quartet in F; Bartok Quartet No 2. Feb 11, 7.30pm.

St Valentine's Day Concert: The Parlour Quartet. A romantic & musical salute to the last century. Sylvia Eaves, Maureen Keetch, sopranos; Robert Turner, baritone; Kenneth Barclay, piano. Feb 14, 7.30pm.

Medici String Quartet. Cristina Ortiz, piano. Mozart, Quartet in B flat K458; Debussy, Poissons d'or, Reflets dans l'eau, L'Isle joyeuse; Dvorak, Piano Quintet in A. Feb 20, 7.30pm.

Tomas Tichauer, viola; **Alberto Portuguese**, piano. Eccles, Sonata in G minor; Brahms, Sonata in F minor Op 120 No 1; Kodaly, Adagio; Widmer, Mobiles 1; Hindemith,

Meditation, Sonata Op 11 No 4. Feb 24, 3.30pm.
Yuri Masurok, baritone, **Craig Sheppard**, piano. Songs & arias. Feb 24, 7.30pm.

The Songmakers' Almanac. Jennifer Smith, soprano; Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano; Martyn Hill, tenor; Richard Jackson, baritone; Graham Johnson, piano. The life & songs of Gabriel Fauré & his circle. Feb 29, 7.30pm.

EXHIBITIONS

Abstraction: towards a new art. The development of abstraction in painting between 1908 & 1921, particularly the work of Kandinsky, Mondrian & Malevitch. *Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1.* Feb 6-Apr 13, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm Thurs until 8pm, Sun 2-6pm. £1.

George Aitchison: Lord Leighton's architect. 19th-century interior designs. *Heinz Gallery, 21 Portman Sq, W1.* Until Mar 1, Mon-Fri 11am-5pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

The Atlantic Neptune, the history of charting, including 18th-century charts. *National Maritime Museum, SE10.* Until April, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Battleship, photographs illustrating the development & decline of the modern battleship. *Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Rd, SE1.* Until Feb 28, Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm.

Boat & Leisure Show. *National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham.* Feb 16-24, Mon-Sat 11am-9pm, Sun 11am-7pm. £1.20.

Britain at Bay, the home front 1939-45. *Imperial War Museum.* Until Apr. 60p.

Challenge of the Chip—how will microelectronics affect your future? *Science Museum, Exhibition Rd, SW7.* Until June, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Captain Cook & Mr Hodges. Paintings & drawings of Cook's second voyage, 1772-75, by the "Resolution" artist. *National Maritime Museum.* Until Easter.

Captain Cook in the South Seas. A British Library exhibition. *Museum of Mankind, Burlington Gdns, W1.* Until May.

Contemporary Irish Arts Society works on paper, a selection of the best new work from the Society's collection. *Angela Flowers Gallery, 11 Tottenham Mews, W1.* Feb 13-Mar 1, Mon-Fri 10.30am-5pm, Sat until 12.30pm.

Cruft's Dog Show. *Earl's Court, W5.* Feb 8, 9, 8.30am-8pm. £2.

Cyprus BC: 7,000 years of history. *British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1.* Until Mar 16, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

The Delighted Eye, modern Irish art & sculpture. An Arts Council of Ireland touring exhibition. *52 Earlsam Street Gallery, WC2.* Feb 5-Mar 5, Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Tues, Thurs until 8pm, Sun 2-6pm.

The Evolution of Irish architecture, a survey of the development & future of Irish architecture. *Royal College of Art, Kensington Gore, SW7.* Feb 12-Mar 8, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm.

David Garrick, Garrick's collection of early English plays. *British Library, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1.* Until May 11, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

"Goodbye London Docks", the story of the London Dock from 1802 to its closure in 1968. *Museum of London, London Wall, EC2.* Until Mar 4, Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

The Great British—photographs by Arnold Newman of eminent British men & women. Presented in conjunction with "The Sunday Times". *National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Pl, WC2.* Until May 11, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm. 30p.

Hollar to Heidehoff: the roots of fashion journalism. *Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7.* Until Feb 17, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

Ingres—an Arts Council exhibition of drawings from the Musée Ingres at Montauban. *Victoria & Albert Museum.* Until Feb 24, 80p.

International Canoe Exhibition. *Crystal Palace National Sports Centre, SE19.* Feb 23, 24, 10.30am-6pm. £1.

The International Connection, "The Metropolitan Influence", modern Irish art & sculpture. *Round House Gallery, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1.* Feb 26-Mar 22, Mon-Sat noon-5.30pm, except during matinées.

Ireland's Eye, work by three Irish photographers: **Tom Kennedy**, **Tony Murray** & **Rod Tuack**. *Photographers' Gallery, 8 Gt Newport St, WC2.* Feb 6-Mar 2, Tues-Sat 11am-7pm, Sun noon-6pm.

The Irish Joke, a selection of the best Irish cartoonists exhibit their latest work. *The Workshop, 83 Lamb's Conduit St, WCI.* Feb 18-Mar 8, Mon-Fri 10.30am-5.30pm, Sat 11am-12.30pm.

The Irish Inheritance—traditional Irish weaving by craftswomen. In conjunction with the Festival of Irish Arts "A Sense of Ireland". *Crafts Advisory Committee Gallery, 12 Waterloo Pl, SW1.* Jan 30-Mar 29, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

Irish Palladian Houses, photographic presentation of the great country houses of the Georgian age. *Royal College of Art.* Feb 12-Mar 8.

Irish pipes & piping. Historical collection of uilleann pipes & workshop performances by pipe makers & virtuosi. *Battersea Arts Centre, Laver Hill, SW11.* Feb 6-Mar 1, Sun-Tues 10am-6pm, Wed-Sat noon-10pm.

Roy Johnston, new structure work by Ulster artist. *S East Gallery, 5 New Church Rd, SE5.* Feb 3-Mar 9, Thurs-Sun 2-7pm.

André Kertész. Collection of 200 prints donated to the Musée National d'Art Moderne in Paris by the Hungarian photographer. *Serpentine Gallery, Kensington Gardens, W2.* Until Feb 10, daily 10am-4.30pm.

Roger Kite, paintings; **Gerard Wilson**, sculpture. *Round House Gallery.* Jan 22-Feb 16.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, 18th- & 19th-century portraits. *National Portrait Gallery, 15 Carlton House Terrace, SW1.* Until Mar 16, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. 80p.

Laszlo Moholy-Nagy 1895-1946. Paintings, posters, film, books, photographs & objects. *Institute of Contemporary Arts Gallery, Nash House, The Mall, SW1.* Until Feb 10, Tues-Sun noon-8pm. Non-members 30p.

Bernard Myers, paintings & drawings. *New Grafton Gallery, 42 Old Bond St, W1.* Feb 14-28, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 12.30pm.

"... No country for old men", mixed media exhibition examining the social & economic condition of contemporary Ireland. *ICA Concourse, Institute of Contemporary Arts.* Feb 5-Mar 16.

Walter Pfeiffer, "Aspects of Ireland", colour prints of Ireland's landscapes & people. *Asahi Pentax Gallery, 6 Vigo St, W1.* Feb 5-29, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm.

Tom Phillips, "Benches" & after, the working processes involved in the creation of the painting. *Coffee Shop Gallery, Tate Gallery.* Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Photography in Print-Making. *Victoria & Albert Museum.* Until Feb 10.

Polish drawings, a loan exhibition of 100 of the finest drawings from the print rooms of museums & libraries in Poland. *Heim Gallery, 59 Jermyn St, SW1.* Until Feb 26, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm.

Portrait of the Artist, portraits of the great literary figures associated with the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, between 1904 & 1979. *The Fine Art Society, 148 New Bond St, W1.* Feb 18-Mar 7, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

Post-Impressionism & Europe, from the break-up of Impressionism to the establishment of Fauvism & Cubism. *Royal Academy, Piccadilly, W1.* Until Mar 16, daily 10am-6pm, Weds until 8pm. £2 (half price Sun until 1.45pm).

Recent Members, exhibition of pottery by eight new members of the Association. *The Craftsmen Potters' Association, William Blake House, Marshall St, W1.* Feb 5-16, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10.30am-5pm.

Patrick Scott, abstract paintings by an Irish artist. *Annely Juda Gallery, 11 Tottenham Mews, W1.* Feb 12-Mar 1, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm.

Second Sight. The first of a new series of exhibitions of two paintings by different artists in juxtaposition: Claude's "Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba" & Turner's "Dido building Carthage". *National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2.* Feb 6-Apr 7, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Sèvres—porcelain from the royal collection. *Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1.* Until June, Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. 60p.

Joel Shapiro, sculptures & drawings by a New York sculptor. *Whitechapel Gallery.* Until Feb 25.

Stampex '80, national stamp exhibition. *New Horticultural Hall, Greycoat St, SW1.* Feb 5-9, Tues 1-8pm, Wed-Sat 10am-8pm. £1.75 Tues, then 80p (40p after 5pm).

The Rudolf Steiner Architectural Impulse. A cross-section of architects' work from all over the world which has been influenced by Steiner's work. *Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Pl, W1.* Until 22-Feb 9, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

Tales & Legends, illustrated in Persian, Turkish & Mughal painting. *British Library, British Museum.* Until Mar 2.

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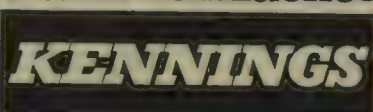
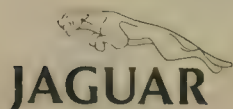
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Three Points of View, images of Ireland by three photographers. *Swiss Cottage Library*, 88 Avenue Rd, NW3. Feb 12-Mar 19. Mon-Fri 9.30am-8pm, Sat until 5pm.
Turner at the Tate. "Sea, sky & sun", a group of 16 oil sketches found in the early 1960s. *Tate Gallery*. Until end June.
The Vikings. A major exhibition reflecting our growing knowledge of the Viking people. *British Museum*. Feb 14-July 20.
West of West, photographic & slide montages showing Ireland's ancient monuments & sites. *Institute of Contemporary Arts*. Feb 8-Mar 16.
Without the Walls, sculptural installations by eight young conceptual Irish artists. *Institute of Contemporary Arts*. Feb 14-Mar 16.
Jack B. Yeats, drawings & watercolours. *Theo Waddington Gallery*, 25 Cork St, W1. Feb 14-Mar 8, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm.

Antiques fairs

Spring St James's Antiques Fair. Piccadilly Hotel, Piccadilly, W1. Feb 18-22.
Antiques Market. The Bull, Olney, Bucks. Feb 24.

SALEROOMS

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month:

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7:
Silver & plate. Feb 5, 19, 11am.
Watercolours & drawings. Feb 6, 11am.
European oil paintings. Feb 7, 14, 21, 28, 11am.
English & Continental furniture. Feb 7, 14, 21, 28, 2.30pm.
Jewels & objects of vertu. Feb 8, 11am.
Furs. Feb 13, 27, 10.30am.
Printed books. Feb 13, 11am.
English & Continental porcelain. Feb 15, 11am.
Pictures. Feb 19, 1.30pm.
Prints. Feb 20, 11am.
Porcelain & works of art. Feb 22, 29, 11am.
Wines. Feb 26, 11am.
Stamps. Feb 28, 2pm.
CHRISTIE'S, 8 King St, SW1:
Old Master pictures. Feb 1, 15.
Continental porcelain. Feb 4.
Books. Feb 6, 20.
English furniture. Feb 7, 14.
Wine. Feb 7, 14, 21, 28.
Paintings & drawings from the studio of the late Sir Gerald Kelly. Feb 8.
Chinese porcelain. Feb 11.
Glass. Feb 12.
Decorative prints. Feb 12.
English pottery. Feb 18.
Miniatures & objects of vertu. Feb 19.
Indian & Islamic MSS. Feb 19.
Jewelry. Feb 20.
Oak furniture. Feb 21.
Eastern rugs & carpets. Feb 21.
Modern British pictures. Feb 22.
19th-century ceramics. Feb 25.
Sculpture & works of art. Feb 26.
English drawings. Feb 26.
Coins. Feb 26.
Silver. Feb 27.
Antiquities. Feb 27.
Victorian pictures. Feb 29.
PHILLIPS, 7 Blenheim St, W1:
Sales of collectors' items will henceforth be held in a newly-acquired building next to the main saleroom.
Dolls & dolls' houses. Feb 6, noon.
Automobilia. Feb 13, noon.
Pot lids, fairings, Goss & commemorative china. Feb 20, noon.
Firemarks. Feb 27, noon.
SOTHEBY'S, 34-35 New Bond St, W1:
Rugs & carpets. Feb 1, 10.30am; Feb 8, 15, 22, 29, 10am.
Furniture. Feb 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 11am.
Books. Feb 4, 5, 11, 12, 18, 19, 25, 26, 11am.
Miniatures & vertu. Feb 4, 11am.
Topographical pictures. Feb 6, 11am.
Musical instruments. Feb 7, 10.30am.
Old Master & modern prints. Feb 7, 11am & 2.30pm.
Chinese works of art. Feb 12, 19, 10.30am.
Arms & armour. Feb 12, 11am.
Old Master pictures. Feb 13, 20, 11am.
18th- & 19th-century pictures. Feb 13, 2.30pm.
Wines. Feb 13, 11am.
Silver. Feb 14, 21, 11am.
Antiquities & primitives. Feb 18, 11am.
Autograph letters & MSS. Feb 19, 20, 21, 11am.

Coins. Feb 20, 10.30am & 2pm.
Drawings & watercolours. Feb 21, 2.30pm.
Paperweights. Feb 25, 11am.
English pottery, porcelain & enamels. Feb 26, 11am.
Japanese netsuke. Feb 27, 10.30am.
Impressionist pictures & drawings. Feb 27, 11am.
Clocks & watches. Feb 28, 11am.
Pewter. Feb 28, 11am.
Jewels. Feb 28, 11am.

LECTURES

GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:
The South Kensington lecture: The building of the Andes, Dr E. Cobbing. Feb 15, 6.30pm.
The earth & its crystals, I. Mercer. Feb 16, 2.30pm.
LONDON COLISEUM, St Martin's Lane, WC2:
Opera in depth, the artistic & practical challenges of mounting opera today: Writing librettos: collaborating with a composer, E. Crozier. Feb 6; **Translating librettos: foreign operas in English**, A. Jacobs. Feb 13; **Conducting in the opera house**, Sir Charles Groves. Feb 20; **English National Opera: the past ideal & the present realization**, Lord Harewood & E. White interviewed by B. Samner. Feb 27; 1pm.
Tickets £1 in advance from Box Office.
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, St Martin's Place, WC2:
Lectures in connexion with the Sir Thomas Lawrence exhibition: Sir Thomas Lawrence, painter & draughtsman, Dr K. Garlick. Feb 5; **Sir Thomas Lawrence: George IV & the Waterloo Chamber**, Sir Oliver Millar. Feb 12; **The character & career of Sir Thomas Lawrence**, M. Levey. Feb 19; 6.30pm.
Admission by ticket free in advance from Education Department.
PURCELL ROOM, South Bank, SE1:
National Trust lectures: Styal—museum to the cotton industry, D. Sekers. Feb 4; **Octavia Hill—the inspiration of the National Trust**, E. Fawcett. Feb 11; **Beningbrough Hall—the restoration of a Yorkshire country house**, M. Stancliffe. Feb 18; 6pm. £1.
ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, John Adam St, WC2:
Technical change & the irrelevance of aid, M. Goldsmith. Feb 5, 5pm.
The place of the British Army in public order, General Sir Edwin Bramall. Feb 6, 6pm.
Queen Victoria as an artist, from her sketchbooks in the royal collection, M. Warner. Feb 20, 2.30pm.
Academic innovation, Sir James Lighthill. Feb 27, 6pm.
Admission by ticket free in advance from the Secretary.
SCIENCE MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:
Mind over matter—thoughts on the shapes of molecules, A. Tulley. Feb 3, 3pm.
Agricultural machinery, A. Wilson. Feb 5, 1pm.
The world of sound, A. Wilson. Feb 9, 3pm.
Gas, A. Tulley. Feb 14, 1pm.
Computing then & now, J. Stevenson. Feb 19, 1pm.
Studying the oceans, A. Wilson. Feb 21, 1pm.
The shrinking computer, J. Stevenson. Feb 23, 3pm.
Plastics, A. Tulley. Feb 26, 1pm.
TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1:
Giacometti's "Invisible Object", C. Lowenthal. Feb 1, 1pm.
Abstraction—towards a new art, L. Bradbury. Feb 2, 3pm.
Naturalism—the alternative reality, L. Bradbury. Feb 3, 3pm.
The German Expressionists, M. Ellis. Feb 4, 1pm.
Introduction to Abstraction: I Seurat, Feb 5; **II Cézanne**, Feb 12; **III Van Gogh**, Feb 19; **IV Gauguin**, Feb 26; P. Turner. 1pm.
The origins of Abstraction in Whistler, S. Wilson. Feb 6, 1pm.
Utrillo & Soutine: a comparison, A. Fullerton. Feb 7, 1pm.
Louise Nevelson, J. Stern. Feb 8, 1pm.
Development of Abstraction: Kandinsky, Mondrian, Malevich. Feb 9; **Delaunay**, Kupka. Feb 16; **Picasso**, Braque, Léger. Feb 23; L. Bradbury. 3pm.
Development of Naturalism: Figurative Realism, Feb 10; **Landscape prospects**, Feb 17; **Truth in still life**, Feb 24; L. Bradbury. 3pm.
Mondrian: from Representation to Abstraction.

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tion, A. Slec. Feb 11, 1pm.

From Realism to Abstraction in Impressionism, S. Wilson. Feb 13, 1pm.

Love & the Pre-Raphaelites: a reading, G. Cohen & C. Lowenthal. Feb 14, 1pm.

George Stubbs: a man of art & science, S. Reid. Feb 15, 1pm.

Constable's nature, G. Cohen. Feb 18, 1pm.

The origins of Abstraction in Fauvism, S. Wilson. Feb 20, 1pm.

La Femme de Bonnard, M. Ellis. Feb 21, 1pm.

Post-painterly Abstraction, A. Slec. Feb 22, 1pm.

Braque's approach to still life, J. Stern. Feb 25, 1pm.

Abstraction in Surrealism, S. Wilson. Feb 27, 1pm.

Léger in the twenties, C. Conrad. Feb 28, 1pm.

Hogarth's two bishops, M. Seymour. Feb 29, 1pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Cromwell Rd. SW7:

The elegant family group in conversation, I. Stewart. Feb 3, 3.30pm.

The sixties: Record sleeve design, R. Dean. Feb 5; Clothes of the sixties & their repercussions, J. Muir, Feb 12; The crafts revival, V. Margrie, Feb 19; Ceramics of the sixties, J. Hawkins, Feb 26; 1.15pm.

English porcelain: New developments & the minor factories, Feb 6; Technical excellence & the rise of the Potteries, Feb 13; Exhibition porcelain & the age of Parian, Feb 20; J. Gardiner. 1.15pm.

Art at the court of Charles I, L. Gribbin. Feb 10, 3.30pm.

Ludwig of Bavaria—his castles & their music, C. Patey. Feb 17, 3.30pm.

Persian miniature paintings, M. Hall. Feb 24, 3.30pm.

The Spanish altarpiece: St George in the Middle Ages, D. Park. Feb 27, 1.15pm.

In the apse of the Raphael cartoon court: Silver & its place in English society: Silver, the status symbol, Feb 4; Simplicity to splendour in Stuart England, Feb 11; Graceful living with the Georgians, Feb 18; The Victorians & after, Feb 25; M. Ellis, noon.

WATERLOO ROOM, Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1:

Concert Platform, a series of talks arranged in collaboration with Morley College:

Bach's Mass in B minor, P. Steinitz, Feb 11, 5.55pm. 70p.

Rachmaninov's Sonata No 2 in B flat minor, D. Murray, Feb 25; 5.55pm. 70p. Each work will be performed later the same evening.

SPORT

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

England v Republic of Ireland, Wembley Stadium, Wembley, Middx. Feb 6.

Scotland v Portugal, Hampden Park. Feb 6.

FA Challenge Cup 5th round proper. Feb 16.

London home matches:

Arsenal v Aston Villa, Feb 9; v Bolton Wanderers, Feb 23.

Charlton Athletic v Birmingham City, Feb 2; v Watford, Feb 16.

Chelsea v Shrewsbury Town, Feb 2; v Cambridge United, Feb 16.

Crystal Palace v Stoke City, Feb 9; v Everton, Feb 23.

Fulham v Leicester City, Feb 9; v Swansea City, Feb 23.

Millwall v Barnsley, Feb 9; v Oxford United, Feb 23.

Orient v Wrexham, Feb 2; v Shrewsbury Town, Feb 16.

Queen's Park Rangers v Swansea City, Feb 2; v Oldham Athletic, Feb 16.

Tottenham Hotspur v Southampton, Feb 2; v Coventry City, Feb 16.

West Ham United v Queen's Park Rangers, Feb 9; v Leicester City, Feb 23.

Wimbledon v Plymouth Argyle, Feb 2; v Bury, Feb 16.

ATHLETICS

Great Britain & Northern Ireland v German Federal Republic, Cosford, Nr Wolverhampton. Feb 2.

Great Britain & Northern Ireland v Spain, Cosford. Feb 16.

Cross-Country National Championships. Leicester. Feb 23.

LACROSSE
All-England Women's Lacrosse Association Territorial Championship, East Sussex College

of Higher Education, Eastbourne, E Sussex. Feb 1, 2; Berkhamsted School for Girls, Berkhamsted, Herts. Feb 16, 17.

England Squad. Riverside Playing Fields, SW15. Feb 23, 24.

MOTOR CYCLING
World trials championship, British round. Newton Abbot, Devon. Feb 16.

RUGBY UNION
France v England, Paris. Feb 2.

Ireland v Scotland, Dublin. Feb 2.

England v Wales, Twickenham. Feb 16.

Scotland v France, Murrayfield. Feb 16.

SQUASH
Sun Life British Amateur Championships, Wembley Squash Centre, Wembley, Middx. Jan 26-Feb 4.

Pretty Polly Women's British Open Championship, Coral SRC, Brighton, W Sussex. Feb 22-28.

TABLE TENNIS
Norwich Union English Championships, Woking Sports Centre, Woking, Surrey. Feb 14-16.

WINTER SPORTS
Winter Olympic Games, Lake Placid, NY, USA. Feb 13-24.

ROYAL EVENTS

The Prince of Wales attends the annual banquet of the Overseas Bankers' Club. Guildhall, EC2. Feb 4.

The Queen attends the 125th Anniversary Thanksgiving Service of the Young Women's Christian Association. Westminster Abbey, SW1. Feb 15.

OTHER EVENTS

A Sense of Ireland, festival of Irish arts (& see Theatre, Music & Exhibitions). Feb 1-Mar 15:

Writers at the Round House: Seamus Heaney, Feb 3; John Montague's "The Rough Field," Feb 17; Irish language poets & traditional music, Feb 24; Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1.

Irish cinema: Irish-made films from 1910 to the present, National Film Theatre, South Bank, SE1, Feb 4-28; The outsider's view—British & American film representation of Ireland & the Irish, ICA Cinema, Nash House, The Mall, SW1, Feb 7-29; Seminars on film: British media & Ireland, Feb 9; British cinema & Ireland, Feb 16; ICA seminar room.

Jazz: Noel Kelehan Quintet, Feb 4-17; Louis Stewart Quartet, Feb 18-Mar 1; Ronnie Scott's Club, 47 Frith St, W1.

Irish writing today: Readings, National Poetry Centre, 21 Earl's Court Sq, SW5. Feb 5-Mar 6.

Traditional music: The Chieftans, Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1, Feb 2; Albert Hall, SW7, Feb 5; Town Hall, Watford, Herts, Feb 7; Fairfield Halls, Croydon, Feb 8; Stockton's Wing, Gaumont State Theatre, Kilburn High Rd, NW6, Feb 9; Civic Hall, Queen's Rd, SW19, Feb 13; De Danann, Gaumont State Theatre, Feb 15; Poplar Civic Theatre, Bow Rd, E3, Feb 16; The Dubliners, Wembley Conference Centre, Wembley, Middx, Feb 26; Planxty, De Danann, Albert Hall, Feb 28.

The State of Emergency, photography, theatre & film relating to Northern Irish problems, Action Space, 16 Chelms St, WC1. Feb 12-Mar 1.

The future of a different past, seminars covering major issues affecting Ireland today: The social foundations of Irish nationalism, Feb 13; Irish populism & the 20th-century state, Feb 15; The post-World War II social democratic settlement in Ireland, Feb 20; Northern Ireland & the modern British state, Feb 22; Regional nationalism & the UK, Feb 27; The restructuring of the Southern state & economy, Feb 29; ICA seminar room.

Cadeby Light Railway open day, Cadeby Rectory, Nr Market Bosworth, Leics. Feb 9, 1-5.30pm.

Shrove Tuesday pancake races: Westgate-on-Sea, Margate, Kent, 10.30am; Olney, Bucks, 11.30am followed by shivering service in Olney Church at noon: Feb 19.

Folk Festival '80, Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, SW7. Feb 22, 23.

Puppet Centre Trust: Using the museum for inspiration in puppetry—visit & discussion. Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2. Feb 23, 3pm.

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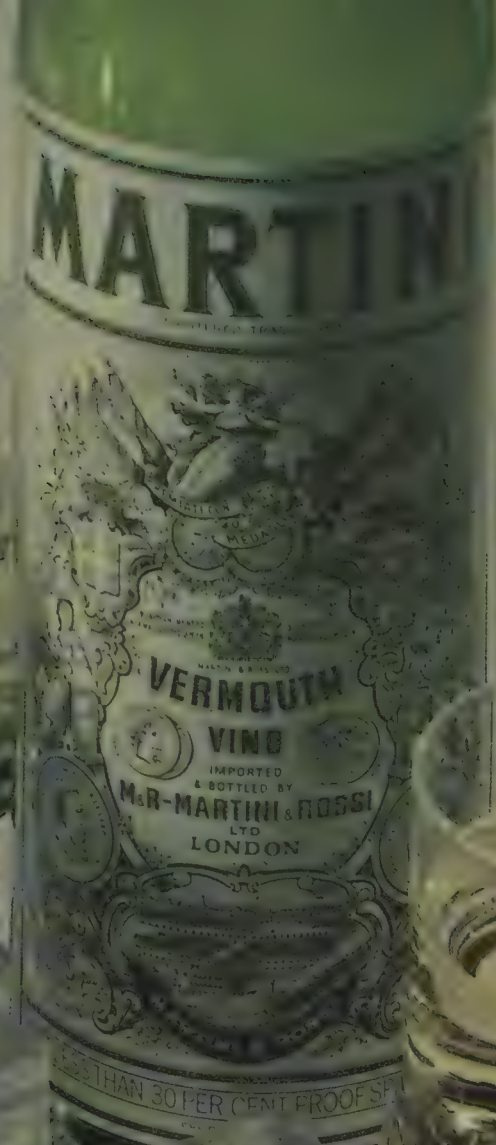




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The invasion of Afghanistan



The Soviet Union, as the world has had an opportunity to learn since the Second World War, does not normally make any major move, no matter how abrupt or surprising it may seem, without careful calculation. It is therefore reasonable to assume that the leaders in the Kremlin analysed the risks involved in the invasion of Afghanistan and decided that the price they might have to pay for the adventure was acceptable. The ruthless efficiency of the initial operation suggested meticulous planning.

A large Soviet airlift of combat troops and equipment took place over Christmas, and on December 27 the move against the three-month-old government of President Hafizullah Amin was made. The President himself was killed, together with some of his family and close associates, and a Soviet nominee, Mr Babrak Karmal, was appointed in his place. By mid-January it was estimated that there were more than 80,000 Soviet troops in Afghanistan, firmly in control of Kabul and the country at large, though still having to fight Afghan tribesmen in some parts around Jalalabad and the Khyber.

There seemed no prospect of a quick withdrawal of Soviet troops, as had been suggested by Mr Brezhnev when President Carter telephoned him on the hot-line to protest at the invasion—but then Mr Brezhnev was claiming that his troops had been invited in by the Afghan government because of some undefined threat from outside, which was clearly false because there had been no signs of such a threat and because the man who was said to have invited the Russians in was eliminated as soon as they got there.

The real cause of the Soviet invasion almost certainly lies in the Kremlin's understandable nervousness at what had been going on in Afghanistan. In Russian eyes President Amin

was an incompetent, allowing Soviet advisers in the country to be killed, unable to control the Muslim rebels in his own country and antagonizing Afghanistan's Muslim neighbours. A revolutionary situation appeared to be developing, and there was a possibility that Amin might be overthrown by an internal *coup d'état*, to be replaced by a militant Muslim régime on the Iranian model. It was not a prospect to please Soviet leaders, who have Muslims within their own borders to worry about. The size of the operation indicates that the Soviet government wanted more than just a change of régime, that they needed to keep a firmer control for a longer time. And once they had decided this they must have been attracted by the other opportunities an invasion presented, including the territorial gain which effectively expanded the frontiers of the Soviet Union, and this time southwards towards the sea and into closer contact with other vulnerable areas which might provide opportunities for making trouble for the West.

The prize must have seemed glittering. What price will they have to pay? The first cold calculation made in the Kremlin must have been that the West would not go to war for Afghanistan. They were right. They must have reckoned also that they would lose the Salt II treaty, but its chances of ratification by the US Senate had already virtually gone, and the December decision by Nato to deploy the new generation of US missiles in Europe no doubt suggested to the Soviet leaders that there was no more progress to be expected in the field of arms limitation. Finally they must have assessed the sort of penalties the West might be able to impose on them in the form of trade embargoes and other economic sanctions, diplomatic protests, disruption of cultural and other exchanges and so on, and calculated perhaps, in

the light of recent experience, that the West was unlikely to do more than make a few formal protests and perhaps put Russia into purdah for a few months. It did not seem too high a price.

Can the West now do more? Certainly it should try, for though it may be true that the West had lowered its guard (President Carter, for one, has said that he has now had dramatically to change his perception of Soviet foreign policy goals) it must nonetheless react as strongly as it can to demonstrate that there is still a price to pay. The United States has cancelled an agreed sale of 17 million tons of grain to the Soviet Union, and is endeavouring to ensure that other major grain-exporting countries will not fill the gap. As Russia has suffered a bad harvest this will probably result in some food shortages and some embarrassment to the Soviet leadership, for Russians are becoming conspicuous consumers. The US is also imposing a ban on sales of advanced technology to the Soviet Union. This could disrupt some Soviet military production, particularly if it is supported, as it should be, by other governments, and particularly if it is sustained for a period of some years. There should also be economic sanctions. But all these must be co-ordinated, accepted and put into action by all western nations if they are to be effective.

In addition, and above all, the West must look to its defences. Why, otherwise, need Russia's aggression come to an end in Afghanistan? From the Kremlin there must seem many good reasons why the frontiers of its influence should be further expanded. The West needs to ensure that the border countries of India, Pakistan, Turkey and the next line of Middle Eastern states are properly protected. There can be no more adventures of the Afghanistan kind. They put the world too much at risk.

Thursday, December 6

Britain withdrew its recognition of the Pol Pot régime in Cambodia.

The Dutch Parliament rejected Nato's proposals for the stationing of Cruise missiles in Holland.

Choi Kyu Hah was elected President of South Korea in succession to Park Cheung Hee who was assassinated on October 26, 1979.

Friday, December 7

Lord Soames, Lord President of the Council and Leader of the House of Lords, was appointed Governor of Southern Rhodesia for an interim period during which elections would be held to form a new government leading to the independent state of Zimbabwe.

Charles Haughey was elected Prime Minister of the Irish Republic in succession to Jack Lynch who resigned on December 5. He was elected by the Fianna Fail parliamentary party by 44 votes to 38 and was installed on December 11.

Government proposals to reform trade union law were announced in the House of Commons by James Prior, the Employment Secretary. These included the encouragement of secret ballots in union affairs, the limiting of picketing to a picket's own place of work and the establishment of codes of practice on the closed shop and on picketing.

Captain Shariar Chafik, nephew of the deposed Shah of Iran, was shot dead in a Paris street by a motor-cycle rider.

Sunday, December 9

Fighting broke out in Tabriz in Iran between supporters of the country's second most powerful religious leader, Ayatollah Kazem Shariat-Madari, who tried to recapture the city's radio and broadcasting station from supporters of Iran's revolutionary leader Ayatollah Khomeini. More fighting occurred on January 10.

Monday, December 10

One pilot was killed and another seriously injured when two RAF Jaguar aircraft collided in mid-air while on a low-level training flight in the Grampians, Scotland.

The Attorney General, Sir Michael Havers, told the House of Commons that no jury vetting would take place except with his direct approval.

Tuesday, December 11

The chairman of the British Steel Corporation, Sir Charles Villiers, announced plans to cut a further 52,000 jobs from the industry to improve productivity and bring capacity in line with demand.

Wednesday, December 12

Lord Soames, the British Governor of Southern Rhodesia, arrived in Salisbury. At the moment of his arrival Zimbabwe Rhodesia reverted to being the British colony of Southern Rhodesia and all sanctions were removed. According to the Lancaster House constitutional conference the Government of Bishop Abel Muzorewa voted itself out of office enabling new elections to be held which would lead to full legal independence.

Peter Walker, Minister of Agriculture, reached agreement with EEC ministers in Brussels to devalue the green pound by 5 per cent.

Three Metropolitan Police officers were given sentences ranging from two to two and a half years at the Central Criminal Court for blackmail and plotting corruptly to obtain money from Soraya Khashoggi, the former wife of an international financier and arms dealer. On December 14 Winston Churchill, Conservative MP for Stretford, Lancashire, disclosed that he was the politician whose name had been written down during the case as being the MP who had had a close association with Mrs Khashoggi. Margaret Thatcher, the Prime Minister, in a written reply in the House of Commons on December 17, said that this association had posed no threat to national security.

Nato's defence and foreign ministers approved a £2,500 million plan to modernize the alliance's nuclear forces by stationing 572 new American missiles in Europe.

Thursday, December 13

The European Parliament voted by 288 votes to 64 to reject the EEC's draft budget for 1980 and asked for a new budget to be submitted.

Friday, December 14

Canada's Prime Minister, Joe Clark, handed in the resignation of his Progressive Conservative Government following a defeat by 6 votes on December 13 on a no-confidence motion. The Parliament was dissolved and an election was

planned for February 18.

Saturday, December 15

The exiled Shah of Iran left the United States where he had been receiving medical treatment and was given asylum in Panama. On the same day the International Court of Justice in The Hague issued a unanimous ruling calling on Iran to release the 50 American hostages held in their embassy in Teheran since November 4.

Sunday, December 16

Margaret Thatcher, the Prime Minister, arrived in Washington at the start of a two-day visit to the United States, her first since taking office.

The United States lifted its sanctions against Southern Rhodesia.

Five British soldiers were killed in Northern Ireland by two Provisional IRA bomb explosions. Four died as a landmine blew up their Land Rover near Dungannon in Co Tyrone and the other soldier was killed when a bomb exploded in a derelict farmhouse at Tullydonnell in South Armagh.

Monday, December 17

Stansted airport in Essex was chosen by the Government to be developed as London's third international airport to meet the anticipated increase in demand for air travel.

The first two of a series of letter bombs, for which the Provisional IRA later claimed responsibility, exploded at sorting offices in Dover and Gerrards Cross but no one was injured. In all nine bombs were sent mainly to prominent people, including one to James Prior the Employment Secretary which was defused.

The ninth prison officer to be killed in Northern Ireland by the Provisional IRA in 1979 was murdered on the steps of a Belfast club near to the Crumlin Road gaol where he worked.

Tuesday, December 18

The Government's decision to proceed with plans to use the United States design of pressurized water reactor in the UK, provided that it met all safety requirements, was announced in the House of Commons by David Howell, Secretary of State for Energy. The plans would be subject to a public inquiry.

Pierre Trudeau, former Prime Minister of Canada, who had announced his decision to resign as leader of the Liberal Party on November 21, agreed to reverse his decision and again lead his party in the general election.

Wednesday, December 19

The Attorney General, Sir Michael Havers, announced in the House of Commons that there would be no prosecutions and no further investigations as a result of the Bingham report on breaches of the oil sanctions imposed on Southern Rhodesia.

England lost the first Test match against Australia in Perth by 138 runs.

Friday, December 21

The final ceasefire agreement in Rhodesia was signed by all parties at Lancaster House where the constitutional conference had been in session for 14 weeks. The ceasefire was to come into force on December 28. Within hours of the signing the Governor, Lord Soames, lifted the ban on both wings of the Patriotic Front—Zanu and Zanu—and eased restrictions on political activity in the country.

The United Nations agreed to lift its sanctions against Southern Rhodesia.

Saturday, December 22

A Royal Ulster Constabulary reservist was shot dead by the Provisional IRA in Co Monaghan.

John Cairncross, a former member of the Foreign Office, was named as having passed information about politicians and civil servants to the Soviet agent Guy Burgess between January and September, 1939. He was dismissed from the Treasury in 1952 when his connexion was uncovered and left Britain immediately.

Monday, December 24

Margaret Thatcher, the Prime Minister, made a surprise visit to Northern Ireland when she visited the Parachute Regiment in South Armagh.

Rudi Dutschke, the German students' leader in the 1960s, died aged 39.

Wednesday, December 26

Many parts of northern Britain were affected by an earthquake measuring between 4.5 and 5 on the Richter scale—mild by world standards but severe by British ones. There were no injuries but some structural damage was caused. The strong-

est tremors were felt in Glasgow and in Kendal, Cumbria.

Thursday, December 27

President Hafizullah Amin of Afghanistan was ousted from power and executed in a *coup d'état* that received armed support from the Soviet Union, whose troops were airlifted into Kabul. Babrak Karmal, a former deputy Prime Minister who had been living in exile, was named as the country's new President and Secretary-General of the ruling People's Democratic Party.

Torrential rain and gale force winds caused widespread flooding in many parts of Britain; Wales and the West Country were particularly badly affected.

Friday, December 28

Lord Soames, Governor of Southern Rhodesia, announced that new elections leading to the establishment of an independent state of Zimbabwe would take place on February 27, 28 and 29.

Saturday, December 29

President Carter of the United States protested at Russia's invasion of Afghanistan. On January 4, having withdrawn America's ambassador in Moscow for consultations in Washington, Mr Carter announced his decision to curtail the export of American grain to the Soviet Union. Other retaliatory actions included the postponement of the Senate's consideration of ratification of the Salt II treaty, the ban on the sale of high technology and a reduction in the quota of fish Russia was allowed to take from American territorial waters. America received full British support for its action.

Sunday, December 30

The Patriotic Front announced it would not stand in the Rhodesian general election as a single party but would instead put forward candidates representing Robert Mugabe's Zanu Party and Joshua Nkomo's Zapu Party.

Tuesday, January 1

Dr Kurt Waldheim, UN Secretary General, arrived in Teheran in an attempt to find a solution to the crisis caused by the students' holding of 50 American hostages in their embassy since November 4. The Ayatollah Khomeini refused to meet Dr Waldheim whose programme was twice disrupted by angry demonstrations.

Anti-Russian demonstrators tried to storm the Soviet embassy in Teheran, Iran, in protest at the Soviet Union's military build-up in neighbouring Afghanistan. On January 6 they stormed the Afghan embassy itself. Demonstrations by Afghan exiles also took place in Delhi, Bonn and London.

Two British soldiers were shot dead by accident in Northern Ireland by members of their own patrol as they searched woods and moorland in South Armagh close to the Irish border.

At least 50 people were reported to have died following an earthquake in the Azores. All the deaths were on Terceira, one of the most densely populated of the group of nine islands.

Wednesday, January 2

100,000 steel workers in the industry's public sector, members of the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation and the National Union of Blast-furnacemen, went on strike following the breakdown of negotiations with the British Steel Corporation on December 28 when they rejected a new 6 per cent pay offer.

Thursday, January 3

Indira Gandhi and her Congress Party won a landslide victory in India's general election. Mrs Gandhi, former Indian Prime Minister until she was convincingly defeated in the 1977 election, won 351 seats of the 544 in the Lower House and was sworn in as Prime Minister on January 14.

Francisco Sa Carneiro was sworn in as Portugal's Prime Minister to head the country's first Centre-Right Government.

Joy Adamson, the naturalist and author of the *Born Free* books about Elsa the lioness, was found murdered at her camp at the Shaba Game Park in Kenya.

Friday, January 4

Nurses and midwives were awarded pay increases averaging 19.6 per cent by the Clegg comparability commission.

The Transport and General Workers' Union, which had 15,000 members employed at BSC, declared the steel dispute to be official. On January 7 the General and Municipal Workers' Union, which had 10,000 of its members

involved in steel, also made the strike official.

Saturday, January 5

Harold Brown, US Defence Secretary, arrived in Peking for talks with China's leaders which became particularly relevant in the light of the Soviet Union's recent expansion into Afghanistan.

Sunday, January 6

The four British home rugby unions decided to proceed with the planned British Lions tour of South Africa in May despite appeals from the Minister of Sport, Hector Munro, to cancel it.

Three soldiers from the Ulster Defence Regiment died and four others were seriously injured in a Provisional IRA landmine attack on the Newry Road outside Castlewelling, Co Down. Their murder brought to over 2,000 the number of people killed as a result of the violence in Northern Ireland during the last ten years.

Monday, January 7

The Soviet Union vetoed a resolution at the United Nations Security Council calling for the immediate and unconditional withdrawal of foreign troops from Afghanistan. On January 14 UN General Assembly approved a resolution by 104 votes to 18 calling for withdrawal.

The Northern Ireland devolution conference opened at Stormont in Belfast chaired by Humphrey Atkins, the Northern Ireland Secretary, and attended by three of the Province's four major parties: the Social Democratic and Labour Party, the non-sectarian Alliance Party and the Democratic Unionist Party. The official Unionist Party boycotted the talks.

Tuesday, January 8

France reopened its markets to British lamb but imposed a series of import levies which had been declared illegal by the European Court of Justice. Britain claimed £20 million in damages from France.

Australia won the second Test match against England in Sydney by six wickets giving them victory in the three-match series.

Wednesday, January 9

Lord Carrington, the Foreign Secretary, arrived in Ankara for talks with the Turkish government on the Soviet Union's recent invasion of Afghanistan. It was the first of a series of talks with leaders of those countries most threatened by the Russian intervention and continued with meetings in Oman, Saudi Arabia, Pakistan and India.

63 people were beheaded in Saudi Arabia, under a decree issued by King Khalid, for their attack on the Great Mosque in Mecca in November, 1979.

40 Corsican nationalists seized a hotel in Ajaccio, taking 15 hostages and calling for the release of about 20 of their sympathizers. Three people, including a member of the French riot police, were killed, and five injured. The nationalists gave themselves up on January 11.

Sir Charles Curran, BBC Director-General from 1969 to 1977, died following a heart attack. He was 58.

Thursday, January 10

Seven Patriotic Front guerrillas were killed by Rhodesian security forces near Lupane, 200 miles south-west of Salisbury, after refusing to surrender their arms and go to a designated assembly area.

President Sadat of Egypt and Prime Minister Menachem Begin of Israel failed to reach agreement at their ninth summit meeting in Aswan on the question of Palestinian autonomy and the future status of east Jerusalem.

Friday, January 11

Over 1,000 Afghans stormed the Polechowkri prison outside Kabul and released political prisoners still in detention. More than 2,000 prisoners had been released since the new régime took over in December.

The Foreign Office announced that the British ambassador in Kabul had been recalled for consultations.

Sunday, January 13

Joshua Nkomo, joint leader of the Patriotic Front and leader of the Zimbabwe African People's Union, returned to Rhodesia to a tumultuous welcome from his supporters after three years in exile.

Dr Eliahu Ben Elissar was appointed Israel's first ambassador to Egypt.

At a UN Security Council meeting the Soviet Union vetoed a United States resolution to impose economic sanctions on Iran.



GAMMA FRANK SPONER



Rhodesia ceasefire: Patriotic Front guerrillas, top, gather at Delta assembly point 100 miles north-east of Salisbury, as part of the Lancaster House ceasefire agreement. The deadline was set for midnight, January 4, but was later unofficially extended to cope with a last-minute rush of guerrillas on the 16 assembly points throughout the country. British troops monitored the operation. Altogether some 18,500 guerrillas reported in; failure to do so by the appointed time would have rendered them unlawful. Lord Soames, British Governor of Southern Rhodesia, visited Delta camp where he met some of the guerrillas, above. Lord Soames was appointed Governor for an interim period during which elections would be held to form a new government leading to the independent state of Zimbabwe.



Mrs Gandhi wins Indian election:

Memories of her State of Emergency measures when last in power, and her spell in prison for alleged malpractices, did not stop Mrs Indira Gandhi from achieving a landslide victory in the Indian general election and at 62 becoming Prime Minister once more. Her Congress (Indira) Party won 351 seats.



Iranian hostage crisis continues:

As the hostages held by students in the US embassy entered their third month in captivity, UN secretary-general Kurt Waldheim went to Teheran. He failed to negotiate their release but was confronted instead with alleged victims of the Shah's secret police including this boy whose arms had been cut off.

The occupation of Afghanistan: Following the ousting of President Hafizullah Amin and his execution after a Soviet-backed coup on December 27, the Soviet Union poured troops over the border, occupying the capital, Kabul, and later pressing on towards the Khyber Pass. Mr Babrak Karmal, a former deputy prime minister and a hard-line Marxist supporter who had been living in exile in Eastern Europe, was installed as President—the fourth in 20 months. By the second week in January some 85,000 Soviet soldiers were estimated to have entered Afghanistan, encountering some resistance from anti-communist Muslims fighting a guerilla-type war, particularly round Jalalabad, 80 miles from the Pakistan border, and in the province of Bamian, north-west of Kabul, where casualties on both sides were reported heavy though no numbers were available. The Russians countered world-wide condemnation for their action with the claim that they entered Afghanistan in answer to repeated invitations to repel a threat by some unnamed third nation, and used their veto in the United Nations Security Council against a resolution demanding withdrawal.



The vanguard of the Soviet army was patrolling the streets of Kabul on December 24. By the beginning of January transport, men and armour ringed the city.



Kabul airport was surrounded by Russian troops, tanks and equipment.



Soviet soldiers alongside the main road between Kabul and Jalalabad.



Muslim guerrillas with a shot-down Soviet helicopter in the mountains.



Afghan guerrillas, self-styled Soldiers of God.



Afghan refugees have crossed the border into Pakistan and set up temporary camps near Peshawar.

DAVID J. PHILLIPS

DAVID J. PHILLIPS



Steel strike threatens industry: Britain's first national steel strike since 1926 began on New Year's Day after the Iron and Steel Trades Federation rejected an offer of a 6 per cent pay rise plus local productivity deals. With approximately a month's supply of steel in hand, industrialists expressed concern about the strike's potential ill-effects on production, but the Government declined to intervene. Strikers began to picket privately-owned steel plants, seeking to extend the strike to them. Top pickets stop traffic at the state-owned Consett plant in County Durham, while, above, strikers at the Aldwarke plant near Rotherham huddle round a brazier as the strike entered its second week.



Gold rush: A lack of confidence in paper money, particularly the dollar, led to an unprecedented rush for gold that in London culminated in the price rising by a record \$62.5 to a new high of \$630 an ounce. Above, Mr Stephen Cohen, a dealer in Hatton Garden, where small investors queued to sell their gold jewellery, holds a 250 oz bar of the metal valued at £40,000; a month ago it would have been worth £28,000. The panic for gold soon faltered, but largely to unconfirmed reports that the US Treasury was to sell off 6 million ounces of its stocks.

Australia win cricket series: Australia won the second Test match against England in Sydney and clinched the three-match series. England were dismissed for 123 and Australia for 145, but David Gower (98 not out) and Derek Underwood (43) battled bravely to take England to 237 in the second innings. Australian captain Greg Chappell, pictured being caught for 3 in the first innings, then hit an unbeaten 98 to steer his team to victory by 6 wickets.

WESTMINSTER COMMENTARY

The continuing case for electoral reform

by David Steel

The election of a Conservative Government with an overall majority last year led some commentators to assume that the topic of electoral reform was now dead. Superficially that is true, to the extent that no government with such a majority is going to be in the least interested in changing the system which brought it to power. But the momentum for electoral reform continues to grow because an increasing number of people realise that unless we change the present system, our two-party, unrepresentative see-saw politics will continue indefinitely. The present right-wing Tory Government will in time be replaced by a left-wing Labour one.

Each of these governments exists on a minority of public support. Mrs Thatcher when in Opposition shrieked: "What mandate?" at Mr Callaghan because, as she pointed out, his government was elected by only 29 per cent of the electorate. Hers was elected by only 33 per cent, and that apparently makes all the difference.

Last autumn Mr Roy Jenkins in his Dimbleby lecture on BBC TV joined the ranks of converts to the need for electoral reform. His penetrating analysis of Britain's economic failure was the same as that advanced by the Liberal Party at the general election last year: namely, that it is our class-based two-party system of politics which is to blame. For 30 years a party controlled and financed by the interests of the wealthy has alternated in government with a party controlled and financed by the trade union leaders.

Each party in government has been seen to be acting in the interests of its paymasters rather than of the people as a whole. Each is incapable of introducing the atmosphere of partnership in British industry which we so desperately need if our economy is to revive. Each is incapable of achieving the necessary national consensus on prices and incomes controls to tackle inflation.

We need a more broadly based government, and to get it we must change our failed political system through electoral reform. That is why the all-party movement for it is growing.

I have already said that it will need others besides the Liberal Party to ally together and push for reform. I am therefore particularly interested to see what follows throughout this year from the initiative of Mr Jenkins in calling for a breakaway from the Labour Party.

I doubt whether many Labour MPs are prepared to back such a move at the moment. Most of the disenchanted will, like Bill Rogers, await the outcome of the Labour Party conference in the autumn to see whether the left finally gain full control over their party. Even

after that I would not care to predict how many would follow their inclinations with political action.

One who has already broken away is Dick Taverne, QC, who managed to hold his seat at the famous Lincoln by-election, but whose "Democratic Labour Party" failed even to save one deposit or his own seat in the general election in 1974.

Mulling over this at a public meeting with me at the end of last year, he admitted that his breakaway party had been a complete flop. He then argued: "The cause of conscience and reform depends in the next few years on two contingencies—first, a breakout by a group of men and women of principle and clear vision on the social democratic wing of the Labour Party; and second, on a surge of support for the Liberal Party. In the long run I hope these movements will come together."

I share Dick Taverne's hope. The South-West Hertfordshire by-election showed a rise in Liberal support from 16 per cent to 23 per cent in that not very promising seat. Satisfactory, but not spectacular. But the indications from a large number of local government by-elections, allied with the Liberal Party's encouraging performance in the few Parliamentary by-elections, are of a growing tide of support since the general election. Unreliable as opinion polls may be as a scientific predictor of election contests, the current Liberal rating of 18 per cent in the Gallup poll contrasts favourably with the 6 per cent Liberals had in the similar period during the 1970-74 Conservative Government.

The lesson of the Taverne episode is that under our present system no fourth party can expect to emerge as a force (except in a regional context, in Scotland and Wales) and that therefore some co-operation with Liberals in pursuit of the common objective of electoral reform is necessary.

The watershed marking any break out by social democrats is unlikely to be before the Labour Party conference in the autumn. Nor will a victory by the sectarian left in the current, bitter, internal dispute of itself make the break-up of the Labour Party inevitable: there will still be many who will swallow their pride, matter about party loyalty and shuffle along. But the triumph of the Labour Party's National Executive Committee in imposing its dismal style of state socialism will have little appeal among the wider electorate. And if any break-out is thereby precipitated, I suspect we will start to see the answer to the question: "How many battalions does Pope Jenkins have?"

David Steel is Liberal MP for Roxburgh, Selkirk and Peebles.

The wealth of a nation

It is just possible that the advent of Britain's first woman Prime Minister may prove historically as significant as the accession to the throne of the first Elizabeth at a similar moment of national decline, depression and disunity. For the new leader of the Conservative Party is no rule-of-thumb politician, steering merely by the "art of the possible" and content to accept as inevitable the gradual slide to a totalitarian socialist society in the hope that it may continue to prove compatible with the preservation of a reasonable measure of individual liberty and, with the help of North Sea oil, the avoidance of ultimate national bankruptcy.

She is committed instead to a repudiation of the socialism to which all our political parties have, to a greater or lesser degree, subscribed for the past 40 years, even though its principal achievement, the Welfare State, pruned of administrative extravagance and waste, will continue to survive as a permanent and valuable part of our national heritage. But it can do so, as Margaret Thatcher perceives, only in a free economy, and not under a totalitarian one. For she believes passionately in economic freedom and is resolved to restore the stimulus of incentive to all classes in the community. In pursuit of this belief she and her Chancellor of the Exchequer have already made an initial reduction in taxation and, even more significantly, have firmly and consistently refused to intervene in disputes between employer and employee, insisting that the laws of supply and demand must be left free to decide such issues without government intervention. And in order to halt inflation and take the cumulative excess of purchasing power out of the economy, the minimum lending rate, which determines the rate of interest which has to be paid for new money and credit, has been temporarily raised to an unprecedented level.

In all this she and her Government have shown a courage to which the country has long been unaccustomed in its rulers. And though far sterner tests of courage may be called for before the corner is turned and the economy levels out, so long as Margaret Thatcher remains at the head of the Administration that courage is certain to be shown. So, I believe, is a quality no less important than courage in a national leader, wisdom—the wisdom which adapts policy to the changing requirements of the current human and factual situation, the capacity, without losing the sense of overall direction and purpose, "to play it by ear". The test of a great commander in war is the ability to adapt his original plans to meet a changed situation: the ability which Montgomery showed at Alamein, Mareth and Caen.

One problem seems certain to confront the present Administration in the

near future. In seeking, rightly, to restrict the amount of money in circulation in private hands by the application of a high minimum lending rate, the Government has to overcome the fact, entailed on it by a long period of cumulative socialistic borrowing, that some thing like half the new money or credit which has to be raised at such prohibitively high interest rates is needed to finance current government and local government expenditure. And the effect of national and local government borrowing at 15 per cent or more cannot be other than highly inflationary, and so defeat one of the principal ends the Government is seeking to achieve. If Government and the local authorities have to pay interest charges at double, or even three times, the normal level, taxes and rates must rise accordingly. For all taxation is inflationary.

The Government is thus in danger of being caught in the very straitjacket which, in order to reduce inflation, it is rightly imposing on the private employer and consumer. Either it will be driven prematurely to relax its restrictive measures on the private money supply—which would be a disaster and a betrayal of its long-term purpose—or to find a way by which, while continuing to maintain the necessary general deflationary pressure on the economy, Government could create, in exceptional circumstances, cash or credit for essential and urgently needed public purposes without always having to burden itself and the taxpayer with a self-imposed and prohibitively high-interest charge for its use. Such a discretionary exercise by Government of its inherent sovereign right directly to regulate the money supply would not mean printing any more paper money than at present; it would merely mean printing a small and carefully regulated amount of such money for a specific public purpose without attaching interest charges to its issue. And though this

would involve doing something which human beings, especially experts, always find it hard to do—to think about something familiar in a new way and so break, as it were, the sound barrier of thought—it would not in reality be a very great step from what by now has long become accepted financial practice. For since governments have abandoned the last links with precious metals in the creation and regulation of their currencies, and since these are now entirely based on paper money anchored to debt and interest-payments, it would only be a step for Government to issue for public wealth-producing purposes, under stringent safeguards, a small and strictly limited amount of new interest-free money.

My own belief, as I have suggested earlier on this page, is that the safest and most effective way of doing so might be by the creation by Parliament of a statutory authority—of the highest possible integrity and financial expertise, acting in conjunction with the Bank of England—empowered to issue, at the express request of Government, comparatively small amounts of interest-free currency statutorily limited to a fixed percentage of the estimated national annual growth of real wealth in any given year, though never exceeding such a minute proportion of the total funded national debt as could impair the property rights of its fundholders. The precise manner of doing this would have to be determined by the Treasury and Bank of England experts who so efficiently administer our highly complex financial system, and in whose hands the practical application of the new principle, once accepted, would lie. But in adopting a new imaginative and creative manipulation of credit, they would be doing, to meet the needs of a new age, what the great merchant and political founders of the Bank of England did, with such far-reaching and beneficent effects, at

the end of the 17th century.

Small though the amount of such government interest-free money might be, it would give the Administration, during a period of self-imposed and necessary deflationary financial stringency, a freedom of action for special and essential wealth-producing purposes which it could not otherwise possess. For there is a further all-important point. Mrs Thatcher is not a soulless financial calculating-machine intent merely on disciplining the nation by a rigid monetarist policy. She is a practical idealist who won a general election by appealing to a latent idealist strain in the electorate and nation. In a remarkable article published at Christmas in the *Sunday Telegraph* entitled "Time for the Iron Lady to Unbend", Peregrine Worsthorne wrote of a dawning realization in the country that "sectional selfishness may be counter-productive"—one born, he considered, of the traumatic experience of "last winter's appalling scenes of social and industrial anarchy". He saw this as something more than "part of a welcome return to economic realism", but rightly, I believe, as "a new concern for the preservation of a good society", a concern best described by that long outmoded word patriotism, which, he argued, "needs to be nurtured with the most tender and solicitous loving care". Maintaining that "economic doctrines need to be adjusted to social circumstances", he contrasted the imaginative and compassionate daring of a Government that "risked all to bring peace to Rhodesia, mobilizing every remaining shred of diplomatic skill to this purpose", with a domestic policy which presents on the domestic front "little more encouraging than the lugubrious face of Sir Keith Joseph explaining why nothing can be done".

But here I find myself differing from Mr Worsthorne's conclusion. For the very daring and originality of what the Prime Minister and her Foreign Secretary did at Lusaka suggest to me that, while holding firmly to the measures necessary to halt inflation—that wasting disease—Margaret Thatcher will not fail in due course to implement the vision she offered the country in her election campaign: of a great nation renewed in purpose, humanity and faith. I do not believe that she, or her Chancellor of the Exchequer or Sir Keith Joseph or any other of her colleagues, will fall, as previous administrations have fallen, into the error of allowing, in the name of academic financial orthodoxy, millions of their fellow countrymen to languish out of work in need of the very goods and services their own labour might create. To a true Conservative the first thing to conserve and, if necessary, to restore, is the character of the nation. For it is in the virtue, industry and enterprise of its people that its real wealth resides.

100 years ago



Afghanistan, bordered by the USSR, Iran, Pakistan and China, has been fought over through history. The *ILN* of February 21, 1880, shows British troops before an action at Sherpore during the second Afghan War, 1878-80, fought, with limited success, to oppose Russian influence in the area.

Uncle Sam as Big Brother

by Norman Moss

It is often forgotten that there are two strains of American imperialism. As well as the kind that leads to pro-American *coups* and support for right-wing dictators, and which stirs the wrath of assorted left-wingers and ayatollahs, there is also a tradition of American liberal imperialism, the attempt to compel other countries to behave according to American liberal values in areas such as human rights and anti-colonialism.

The latest outburst of liberal-inspired imperialism is in the economic sphere, and it stems from the domestic American currents of consumerism and suspicion of big business. It is the attempt to impose on other countries the standards of American anti-monopoly legislation. It is not often seen abroad in a liberal light, but is more often viewed as unwarranted interference.

It has provoked opposition in several countries affected. In Britain it brought on the passage of legislation which the Trade Secretary, John Nott, said with unusual bluntness is designed to "strengthen our defences against US practices which are not only widely regarded as unacceptable internationally, but are having a most damaging effect on . . . British companies."

This legislation is a response specifically to American actions in two areas which, Mr Nott warned, could cost British companies literally billions of pounds. These involve an international uranium cartel which ended in 1974, and the fixing of North Atlantic shipping rates. Australia and Canada have already passed laws designed to block US actions in the uranium cartel affair.

In these episodes and others, three points of conflict arose between the British and American governments. The issues are: Can a US court fine a British company for business affairs conducted outside the United States? Can it demand information on these business activities? And can it award treble damages against a British company to another American company in a case involving business outside America?

The cornerstone of anti-monopoly legislation in the United States is the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890, the first major attempt to preserve the purity of the free market economy and hence the interests of the consumer and the small businessman. The harassment of big business under the Sherman Act is a time-honoured liberal cause, and liberal lawyers who have fought big anti-trust battles wear their campaign ribbons with pride.

In recent years the US government has tried to bring the activities of US subsidiaries abroad under its control. This is not only with reference to anti-trust laws. During the Vietnam war it tried unsuccessfully to prevent Canadian subsidiaries of big American com-

panies from exporting machinery to North Vietnam. The Corrupt Practices Act of 1976, which made it illegal to bribe foreign officials, and the law directed at the Arab economic boycott of Israel were both intended to apply to US subsidiaries abroad.

Recently several US government agencies, adapting to the climate of Carter liberalism, have pressed actions on the anti-trust front. In aviation the Civil Aeronautics Board abolished all fare-fixing arrangements on domestic flights, and took such a cold and sceptical look at the International Air Transport Association, the international fare-fixing body, that the major American airlines took fright and pulled out of the organization.

American courts laid the groundwork for the application of anti-trust laws overseas with what they have come to call the "effects doctrine". This says that where a monopoly operates abroad, even if no American company participates in it, the American courts can take action if its activities have an effect on American commerce. Since there is no significant business activity anywhere that does not have some effect on American commerce, however slight, the scope for intervention under this doctrine seems unlimited.

The case of the uranium cartel, an affair of almost infinite complexity that has gone on for several years, involves the so-called effects doctrine, and all three of the major issues of contention.

Briefly, in 1971, when the price of uranium had fallen to around \$5 a pound, a catastrophic price for uranium producers, the major producers got together at the instigation of the Canadian government to put a floor on the price, and divide up the market so that they could stay in business. A British participant was Rio Tinto Zinc, which mines uranium in Namibia and which has subsidiaries which mine it in Australia and Canada. In 1974, after the uranium price had rocketed upwards because of an upsurge in demand, the cartel wound itself up. No American company took part; no American company bought fuel for domestic use from a cartel member, because the import of uranium into America was banned at that time.

Nonetheless, the US Department of Justice decided that American commerce was affected and started a grand jury investigation. This case petered out with the prosecution of an American company because its Canadian subsidiary participated in the cartel. But before the case ended, the British Government was pushed into taking a stand, on the question of information. The US Justice Department demanded information on the cartel from RTZ and RTZ refused to give it. Since the original demand went through a British court the matter went up to the House

of Lords two years ago. There, the Attorney General said it would be contrary to British sovereignty for a British company to be ordered to give information for this purpose.

Meanwhile, the Australian and Canadian governments had acted; both passed legislation forbidding companies to transmit abroad information on uranium.

RTZ was also faced with civil suit in America brought by Westinghouse, the American manufacturers of nuclear power plants, among other things. Westinghouse was sued for a total of \$2,600 million by its customers for reneging on contracts to supply uranium fuel along with reactors it sold. Westinghouse said in turn that it could not buy the fuel at an economic price because the cartel had pushed up world prices, and sued all the members of the cartel. Under American law anyone who suffers damage through violation of the anti-trust law can sue the offender for three times the amount of the damage it suffered, so Westinghouse sued for three times the amount for which it was being sued.

RTZ and eight other non-American companies said the American courts have no jurisdiction over their business abroad, and refused to appear in court. A Federal judge ruled that they are nonetheless liable for their actions and said he will award damages to Westinghouse. If he does, and RTZ does not pay, then any assets of the company in America could be seized.

The other case in which these issues have come to a head is that of rate-setting on the North Atlantic. It has been the custom for shipping lines to set freight rates on the North Atlantic at seven separate conferences. American shipping companies have received waivers from anti-trust prosecution to allow them to take part. But recently these seven separate conferences co-ordinated rates among them. The American shipping lines did not have permission to do this.

The US Justice Department brought anti-trust suits against the American shipping companies, and also against the European companies taking part. These included two British-led consortia, one involving the Cunard Line. These companies accepted the fines levied by a US court; whatever they thought, as a matter of practicality they could not defy the American courts if they wanted to continue sailing to American ports.

But again, they face civil suits. Some 30 companies which have shipped goods across the Atlantic are charging that the rates they paid were excessive because the anti-trust law was violated, and they are claiming treble damages.

The British Government has responded to all this with the Protection of Trading Interests Bill. This empowers

the Secretary for Trade to block the transmission of commercial information to a foreign court. It also says that where a court in another country compels a British company or individual to pay treble damages, he can recover in a British court all the money paid in excess of actual loss, in other words, two-thirds of the amount paid.

A curious feature of this law is that it does not limit its provisions to British firms operating in this country, or even to British firms. There could be situations in which a foreign firm could seek the protection of this law even if British interests were not involved. Certainly other countries have the same sympathies, and some have had cause to clash with the United States Justice Department on these issues.

The Department over-reached itself a few weeks ago when it demanded that Saudi Arabia give it information on the setting of oil prices, as the majority shareholder in the oil company Aramco (the Saudi Arabian government owns 60 per cent of the shares, the other 40 per cent being American-owned). Since Saudi Arabia is the best friend that America has in that part of the world, the State Department became alarmed and asked the Justice Department to hold off. The Justice Department was persuaded to do so after the Saudi Oil Minister, Sheikh Yamani, dropped the word to the US Treasury Secretary, William Miller, when they met in Riyadh, that he would take offence at any pressure to provide information.

American anti-trust measures do not always meet opposition abroad. The British Government is following with close interest the current American investigation into arrangements among coffee-producing countries to fix the price of coffee, since as an importer Britain is affected in the same way. British slot machine manufacturers were only too happy to co-operate with American investigators when they were asking recently about the international trade in their product, since what is under investigation is an alleged cartel by American manufacturers to keep out foreign-made slot machines. American officials point out also that the EEC Commission is stiffening its line against monopolies and has levied several heavy fines recently.

The Washington Post, long a bastion of liberalism in domestic affairs, pointed out in a recent editorial the dangers in trying to impose American practices on foreign countries where the economic needs may be very different. "US anti-trust law does not travel well," it said. "The Sherman Anti-Trust Act is not a suitable instrument for the regulation of world trade. Maintaining international competition is the proper business of diplomats and negotiation, not federal judges and litigation." ●

America and the House of Kennedy

by Sam Smith

Senator Edward Kennedy declared his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for this year's American presidential election at a time when President Carter's popularity was at its lowest. The President's prospects have since improved, but a Kennedy is still a formidable challenge.



He keeps slipping away, like a novelist's hero fading in successive drafts as subsidiary situations and secondary characters gain unexpected vigour, leaving him still at the centre but more the focus than the force.

The 1980 presidential campaign started with Ted Kennedy undeniably the centrepiece but the man himself only partially explained this position. By themselves his record, rhetoric and personality would be sufficient to entice many another politician into a race, but beyond these is the legend. Ted Kennedy is its beneficiary, but also its trustee and servant.

The legend says that there is a phenomenal bond between Americans and the Kennedys, that there is unfinished business he and the nation must complete on behalf of his assassinated brothers and that the era of the early Kennedys was one of America's shining hours. Ted Kennedy comes to the campaign a symbol, a surrogate, a totem of a family and of a faith that must be restored. He can hardly avoid being what Americans want him to be. It is both a burden and his greatest protection against the more bitter assaults on his character, the bodyblows of campaign debate and the nagging doubts that arise about any candidate in any campaign.

It is easier, though, to find those who believe that the legend exists as a powerful force in American political life than it is to find those who profess it as their faith. There may be self-deception here, a broad unwillingness to admit romantic or emotional influence on one's electoral choices. There is also the fact that we have learned the legend by peering through the media's microscope, which turns amoebas into dragons, minorities into majorities and subculture upheavals into mainstream revolutions. Although most Americans remain sedentary, we accept the media's view that we have turned into a nation of joggers. Although most adult Americans seldom dance, let alone get down and boogie, we fear that we alone may be odd because we have not caught disco fever.

There are also in the United States a toleration and accommodation of other people's myths. There is not merely a reflection of a democratic spirit; there is a touch of envy and a trace of arrogance as well. We like to share in the thrill of commitment without being duped by it. So Protestant America, even Harlem, poured out to see the Pope, feeling for a day what it was like to be Roman Catholic, without the necessity of going to confession. It is terribly important for us to feel we

understand what others think. Sweeping generalizations about others are part of what keeps this diverse democracy together, allowing, for example, a largely white, wealthy and male Congress to legislate for blacks, Latinos, women and the poor. We understand, yet remain better than, *Them*. Others are persuaded by advertising but not us. Other countries have imperialistic designs but not America. Others are awed by the Kennedy name but we are not. But those involved in America's major business, selling, know full well that what Americans think America believes is as important and profitable as what each American actually does believe. A legend, like that of the Kennedys, therefore, gains strength not only by adherence but by its apparent broad acceptance.

In the Kennedy legend, the appearance of acceptance is overwhelming. But a few facts and contra-indications intrude:

Unless there is a revolution in American voting habits, only slightly more than a half of the eligible electorate will cast a ballot this fall. Curtis Gans, an organizer of Eugene McCarthy's 1968 presidential effort who is now studying voter non-participation, expects Kennedy's appearance on the ticket would tem-

porarily halt the decline in voting that has been noticeable since 1960, when 63 per cent of the electorate turned out. Still, the likelihood remains that more than two-fifths of potential voters will be unmoved by *any* candidate's charms... that's 70 million people.

The decline has occurred irrespective of candidates, volatile issues like Vietnam and extensive election reforms. These reforms have enfranchised black voters in the south, made it easier to register, lowered voting ages and instituted bilingual ballots. None the less, Gans wrote in the magazine *Public Interest* in 1978: "After a decade and a half of electoral reform, the level of voter turnout in the United States has fallen below that of every other democracy in the world, with the single exception of Botswana!"



America has changed dramatically since the last time a Kennedy ran on a national basis. So have politics. There are all the components of what a George Washington University political scientist, Stephen Wayne, calls the "abortive idealistic revolution" from which we have emerged "more pessimistic, more cautious and more critical". The 1960s demanded and promised so much without comparable fulfilment. There was a war that, although we still fear to say it, we lost. There was political assassination, cultural shock, generational conflict, sexual debate, economic instability and the end of smugness in foreign affairs.

In the mechanics of politics the changes have been as profound. The Kennedys discovered how to use television, but they could not keep the patent. Now everyone running for office tries to emulate the Kennedys in living colour. The impact is deadened by familiarity. If everyone looks and acts like a Kennedy, the real ones become less impressive. Andy Warhol warned us of this years ago: "In the future," he said, "everyone will be famous for 15 minutes."

In country and western music, one of those increasingly rare precincts of American life where the medium is still not the message, there has recently been a popular song in which a woman denigrates her former lover as "just a Coca-Cola cowboy". The image comes from a commercial, but with his "Eastwood smile and Robert Redford hair" he might as easily be a politician. The woman's indictment cuts to the core of contemporary politics, charging that her ex-lover "walked across my heart like it was Texas" and taught her "how to say I didn't care". To some Americans the Kennedy image will seem heroic; to others though, many introduced to political cynicism only since the death of his brothers, he will be a

Coca-Cola cowboy, one more politician teaching them to say they just don't care.

But, for politicians, there is no deserting television; it has become the prime means of campaigning. This has had disturbing effects: a new barrier to less wealthy aspirants, creation of what Gans calls the "cloned candidate", an end-run around traditional political organization and loyalty, erosion of interest in issues, and a contribution, perhaps, to the decline in voting. When Hugh Carey ran for re-election as governor of New York state in 1978, he raised slightly more than \$3 million, which \$2,500,000 went into television. This, today, is a typical campaign.

The political rules have changed in other ways. The big city bosses are no longer as important as they were. Special-interest groups have greater power. Campaign spending and reporting regulations are substantially different. And, on top of it all, the voter has become erratic.

Albert Gollin, a political analyst and activist who has conducted dozens of studies, told me that there used to be a theory of critical elections, periodic campaigns when there would be fundamental voter shifts. "Now you'd have to have a theory of critical elections every four years. We've lost our capacity to analyse politics. There is no way to analyse political choice when near a majority refuses to choose."

On the other hand, Stephen Wayne, who has been working on a public television series on the presidency, does see a pattern, and one that might help Kennedy. There is, in his view, a swing between elections in which the personal characteristics of a President are uppermost in people's minds and ones in which institutional concerns rise to the fore. In 1976, after Watergate, both candidates had labels—Jimmy Carter: "I'll never tell a lie" and Jerry Ford: "Making us proud again". Now, according to a recent survey, leadership is the most important factor in voter selection; integrity runs about eight points behind.



Ted Kennedy is neither John Kennedy nor Robert Kennedy. His "issues director", Peter Edelman, says, "He is more of a meat and potatoes man. He does not have the eloquence of Jack nor the passion of Bobby but he is the best of the three in getting things done."

There are other differences as well: Chappaquiddick, Kennedy's reputation for, as one female reporter put it, "screwing" with any women as quickly as he does, the strained relationship with his wife and the possible blame

that might be placed on Kennedy for it. Jack and Bobby never faced anything quite like this. In the 1960s the personal affairs of public men were handled more gingerly by the Press. Alexander Cockburn has suggested in the *Village Voice* that reporters might be particularly hard on Teddy's dalliances partly out of guilt for not having reported Jack's.

Robert Kennedy's worst public image was one of ruthlessness and his worst sin was participation in the McCarthy era disgrace, but that, when considered at all, was often chalked off to political immaturity.

In the wake of Watergate and with the rebirth of feminism the Kennedy legend hit the road more shakily than in the past.



There are plenty of people who don't like the legend. As the campaign opened with excruciating prematurity last fall, a leading polling firm gave Ronald Reagan 38 per cent of the vote against Kennedy's 51 per cent. When you include those who would really prefer Jimmy Carter, Jerry Brown or some other Democrat, and those who will not vote at all, the Kennedy juggernaut loses some of its momentum. Some are opposed to Kennedy's political positions. But some have their own counter-legend: the threat of the Kennedys. A public-interest activist recalls how, whenever his grandmother mentioned any Kennedy, the name "came out of her mouth drenched with all the opprobrium of the ages".

Carter does not inspire that sort of reaction. The critical attitude towards Carter is more typically that of an old woman whom the black poet Sterling Brown ran into near Lynchburg, Virginia. The family were sitting around the fire talking about a local farmer who was not successful even though everyone thought he "meant well". As Brown told it, the grandmother removed a corncob pipe from her mouth, spat into the fire and said: "He means well . . . Old Ed may mean well, but he do so doggone poor."

With the Kennedys the hostility is far more visceral as history has sadly shown. It is like the hate Franklin Roosevelt inspired. "When I was a kid in a small Ohio town," the Washington architect John Wiebenson recalls, "the Republicans would talk of the possibility of a Roosevelt dynasty. It was as if they were afraid that Franklin Jr and James had inherited some ghastly charisma that would continue to plague

the nation for years to come."

So it is with the Kennedy brothers. The familial charisma that appeals to many is ghastly to others. But a Kennedy dynasty is not totally a figment of the imagination. Part of the political arsenal of this Kennedy is a powerful, multi-generational network of advisers to three Kennedys; and an extended family ranging from a still campaigning grandmother to 27 grandchildren, the eldest of whom, "Joe Jr", has already been pegged by one national news magazine as a possible candidate for the 1990s on the basis of his speech at the Kennedy Library dedication.

A *New York Times* article on the Kennedy network contained a revealing glance at this Kennedy in the wings: "Even Joseph P. Kennedy 3rd . . . has already surrounded himself with an intensely loyal and distinct circle of his contemporaries. One former New Frontiersman, who in 1976 watched this band of then-24-year-olds in action during the senatorial re-election campaign of Edward Kennedy, reports wryly: 'They were totally absorbed with Joe, and if they had some foggy idea that maybe one of his uncles had once been President of the United States, and that some of the older people in the campaign might know what they were doing, they never showed it.'"

This description of a Kennedy personality rising above a Kennedy cause is not unique. James McGregor Burns, describing some of the less admirable aspects of Jack Kennedy's "Camelot", writes of a "tough, operational, narrow self-protectiveness that sometimes lapsed into exclusiveness and self-indulgence, by a drive for power concentrated only on political victory of Kennedys, a commitment more to expedient means than to human ends."

The Kennedys have developed their network by treating the nation's élite as though they were part of a South Boston ward, with the current Kennedy as ward leader. It has been, in the best traditions of ward politics, a two-way street. The advisers and friends have lent ideas and substance to the Kennedys and the Kennedys have returned the favour with grants and intimations of power and with the social and media acceptance that comes from being part of the Kennedy cartel. Even the academics in the Kennedy circle are men of charm as well as intelligence. John Kenneth Galbraith can handle a drunk co-guest on a television talk show as well as he can dissect the latest policy of the Federal Reserve Board. Arthur Schlesinger Jr seems as happy at a party as in a library. And the loyalty must be intense for a man like Schlesinger, whose professional honour depends on sifting historic fact from fiction, to be caught in the public prints saying: "Ever since Chappaquiddick [Kennedy] has been spending his life trying to redeem himself for those hours of panic . . . I think this ceaseless effort at self-redemption may be for Teddy Kennedy what polio was for FDR."

The Kennedy circle is pre-eminently attractive, intelligent, male, white and pragmatic. Its circumference subsumes not only political and academic America but an extraordinary portion of journalistic America as well. Members of the Kennedy circle run major dailies and are high in the television networks. Jack Kennedy's friend, Ben Bradlee, for example, edits *The Washington Post*. There are Kennedy journalism awards, with journalists as judges and journalists as recipients. There are journalists who have been dined at Hickory Hill, the Kennedy command post cum rest and recreation centre—and Ethel Kennedy's home. There are columnists like Carl Rowan who received government appointments from a Kennedy, Kennedyites in the book publishing business, Kennedyites currying favour to write yet another biography.

There are, to be sure, plenty of informal networks in America. The public interest network, the big oil network, the Rockefeller network, the anti-nuclear network. But few have such power to direct so much of American politics as that of the Kennedys, and only the Kennedys and the Rockefellers have kept it all in the family. Some see this as anti-democratic and dangerous. "I like Kennedy," a man steeped in national politics told me, "but I hate Kennedyism. God help me, I'll probably vote for him, but I hate the manipulation, the myth-making and the degree of control they try to exert over political life."



There are those who believe the legend is overrated and irrelevant; that Kennedy can and will win on the issues. James Flug, who worked for Kennedy on Capitol Hill, then became an energy activist and now is back in the campaign that began in the latter 1950s and never really ended, gets angry when people talk of the Kennedy myth. "Look," he told me, "here's a guy they've seen in the magazines and on television for 15 years. The public, often as not, has seen him doing something substantive, always in a battle, always doing his homework. He doesn't get his name in the paper because he is somebody's little brother—it's because he does something."

Flug ticked off the issues in which Kennedy has been involved: the one-man-one-vote debates, the

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aftermath of the riots, fair housing, crime, the Supreme Court appointments, gun control, Vietnam, immigration... "I don't think people will vote for him because of the colour of his eyes. They believe that on the important issues he really has the interest of the people at heart."

Flug has been close to the man, but he is not a groupie. In his own right as head of Energy Action he has tussled with some of the biggest domestic problems that Kennedy would face as President and has tangled with some of the biggest obstacles to solving those problems. He is not the sort to jump into bed with a campaign that will, for example, have an illicit affair with the oil companies on the side. There are plenty of Flugs around, drawn to Kennedy not out of sentiment but out of a practical assessment of the man, his positions and his capabilities. They hate the "Kennedy myth", they blame the media for it and they say what generically might be summarized as: look at the record.

The record, from a traditional liberal Democrat point of view, is fine. There are some embarrassments, like Kennedy's inability to move his words about national health care into action even after cutting his programme's cost by more than three-quarters, and his cavorting with the right on anti-crime legislation. But on the whole Kennedy's claim to the leadership of the traditional liberals is well founded. More than that, he wants it, knows how to get it and has the money and the machinery to make it happen.

Since the Second World War only one genuine, certifiable, card-carrying liberal has entered the White House on his own; his name was Kennedy, too. That is not nostalgia; that is history.

If you are a practical liberal politician, you look around and realize that there may not be that much time remaining. Terrible spectres keep arising from the west to challenge the eastern liberal tradition: Ronald Reagan, with his atavistic appeal, and Jerry Brown, as defiant of political labels as he is of so much else that eastern liberal culture holds so dear. The media domination of the political system is nearly complete. Political aides, contributors and lobbyists of all stripes are invited to a conference called Techniques '80 to learn about "new trends in building temporary volunteer coalitions, new approaches in voter targeting, latest approaches to effective fund-raising—with emphasis on marketing to [special interest] political action committees, the pseudo-news approach to political advertising, breakthroughs in attitudinal polling, special programs for the various voter categories."

This may be the last liberal dance. No more flyers on a dreamy McCarthy, no more chances on a naïvely nice McGovern or an unknown Udall. Kennedy has his problems but they are



all discounted by his enormous and, for a liberal, rare advantage: he stands a real chance of winning.

In fact, the next time around, the words "liberal" and "conservative" may be almost forgotten. The overwhelming majority of money in presidential campaigns goes into television, where one implies rather than declares. A *New York Times*-CBS poll found that only 3 per cent of the public gave as the most important presidential attribute policy positions with which they agreed. A presidential candidate's most important appointment is not his choice for vice-president but his media adviser. Although the nominees still stand in front of huge convention crowds and cry: "I accept your nomination and your platform," they really mean only the former. The latter will be taken care of by the experts and adjusted from time to time as the polls indicate.

Even what passes for rhetoric has to go through rigorous modifications for consistency with the perceived consensus. Consider these three statements: "Our government has told us we lack confidence in ourselves. That is not true. We lack confidence in our government." "The malaise is not in our people, but in our leadership." "The US is not a crippled giant. We have not lost confidence in ourselves." The first two are from recent speeches by Ronald Reagan and Edward Kennedy respectively, gleaned by the political reporter David Broder. The third was written by a computer based on data received from a poll of voters in Peoria, Illinois, in 1976.

Using an IBM 370, two speech scientists, John Cragan and Donald Shields, came up with a complete speech on foreign policy. They sent a copy to Jimmy Carter but it was redundant. He was already using it.

We are still in transition, however. Kennedy, born into a family of old-

time politicians who first mastered the medium which would destroy that politics, is positioned to take the best of the old and the new. Of all the cross sectional appeals that the Kennedy brothers have had, one of the most significant has been their ability to appeal to politicians as superb politicians and, at the same time, appeal to the public as being somehow above politics. They move effortlessly from the backroom to the television-ensconced den.

For many politicians the Kennedy name is almost mystical. John Stacks, a *Time* correspondent, describes interviewing the Florida state comptroller Gerald Lewis about Kennedy. "Soon it was clear that he was not just talking about Ted Kennedy but about John Kennedy and Bob Kennedy and Camelot and the anti-war movement and God knows what other half remembered moments of modern Democratic politics. Had he ever met Ted Kennedy? 'No, I have not,' he answered, and it made no difference to him that this is a different Kennedy."

In some ways it does not matter that it is a different Kennedy. The machinery is still there, the name, the commitment to *quid pro quo*: if a Kennedy does not know how politics works then who does? None of them god-damn McGovern kids telling you how to run the district. No Aramis-splashed phoney with a lot of money for the tube who thinks he don't need help from the committee-man. None of those amateurs like Hamilton Jordan fouling up the political system. As an Italian-American committee-man in south Philadelphia put it: "Carter's a good man and he's done the best he could do, but Ted Kennedy—that's a different story. He knows what we're after here."

There is a price, but one many politicians are willing to pay, for the restoration of political values. You do not mess around with the Kennedys. You

The Kennedy family in the garden of their home at Hyannisport, Massachusetts, in 1934: standing, Joseph Junior, killed in the Second World War, Patricia, later Mrs Peter Lawford, Rosemary, Eunice, later Mrs Robert Shriver, seated, Kathleen, killed in an aircraft accident in 1948, Robert, assassinated June 6, 1968, Mrs Joseph Kennedy, John, assassinated November 22, 1963, Joseph Kennedy Senior holding Edward, and Jean, later Mrs Stephen Smith.

have got to be with them when they need you. Al Gollin says: "The Kennedys are very good at subtly pressuring sitting politicians." Their message is: "Get on board or we'll roll right over you." It works, though, because "the Kennedys get the people behind them. They've got the votes."

For the politician, then, the attachment to the Kennedys is not necessarily the same as for the general public, and it stems as much from a shared faith in *deus ex machina* as it does from the special character of the man himself.

Yet even here, talking practical politics, you begin to fall into the Kennedy trap. Part of the power is the illusion of power. The Kennedy people act and talk as if they were the master politicians of all time. If Carter wins it will be an upset not merely because of the early polls but because from everything we have learned from Kennedy lieutenants, Kennedy ex-aides, Kennedy biographers, Kennedy professors and Kennedy journalist courtiers, we believe Kennedys are supposed to win.

We are subtly encouraged to forget that an unknown governor from Georgia who managed to seize the nomination without the Kennedy or any other imprimatur is not totally without political resources himself. Even talking politics, the myth appears.

The myth may be overstated and



misinterpreted. It may be unfair to America and to Kennedy. But it is still there. You cannot avoid it. It leaps out at you at your local news-stand from the cover of *Life*. There he is again, staring at you as though he really cared about what you thought. Two fingers are pressed against the cheek in contemplation. The blue eyes are just a bit sad, yet sensual and intelligent. Wavy hair cut to the exact median point between wise maturity and youthful vigour. The headline says: "Carter and Kennedy head for a showdown" but the picture is of Kennedy.

You turn to the story. Across two-thirds of the spread is a photograph of Carter. His hand is to his head, too, but in weariness aboard Air Force One, a fatigue heightened by the fact that the picture is out of focus. He has stopped working. He is alone. To the right is a picture of Kennedy, also on a plane, but he is not alone, he is not out of focus, he is not weary. He is determined, his chin protrudes, he is reading something as two aides lean over him. He is working. Then, the next page: "Balance sheet for Carter," Carter collapsing in the Maryland road race. Mrs Carter meeting senior citizens. Hamilton Jordan, hand on a black woman's shoulder, laughing. Caption: "Headache on staff." Carter's brother Billy watching a military parade in Libya. Caption: "Headache in the family." On the right-hand page, a picture of Carter, obviously in a hall but the black background leaves him once again alone. It says "A feisty determination" but Carter does not look feisty. His famous grin is half-obscured by his lower lip being drawn in. He looks sick.

Next page. "An inventory dominated by history." Kennedy, head cocked dramatically, giving a speech. The picture layout crops Kennedy's face above the eyebrow, so his rounded mouth, as though spitting out the last syllable of the word "leadership," is more prominent. He looks, as the cut line says, "Forceful on the stump." In the centre, under "A proud heritage" is the indestructible and smiling Rose with Kennedy young and protective behind her. And then to the right, Teddy and Joan under "A troubling question." They are both smiling as though they had worked it all out.

Turn the page and you see Kennedy standing alone on the beach, full-page. The picture we saw of Jack. The

picture we saw of Bob. The cutline: "The Burden of Myth. The memory of his brothers haunts every move Kennedy makes, and even as he walked along the beach . . . one of his rare moments of solitude, he seemed to walk in their footprints."

There are other images. The *Life* article appeared last autumn. Since then the American media have been full of images of the people rallying round their President in time of crisis. Helped by this Carter surged ahead of Kennedy in the polls. Then there are images that hinder Kennedy more directly, like the picture of a dirt road in Martha's Vineyard.

In an otherwise stalemated CBS interview of a stumbling Kennedy by a frustrated Roger Mudd, perhaps the most striking moment was a film clip taken at night from inside a car driving along that dirt road at Chappaquiddick, the road Kennedy claims he thought was the main route to the ferry, the dirt road that led to the bridge, the death of Mary Jo Kopechne and a never-ending, never-answered stream of questions that all of Kennedy's horses and all of Kennedy's men can't put together again.

The CBS film was a silent rebuke to Kennedy's version of the incident. The *Wall Street Journal* ran some of the same scenes. They were less graphic as black and white still shots, but were still startling because you never see photographs in the *Wall Street Journal*. An accompanying editorial said: "As Edward Kennedy announces for the presidency, voters will have to ask themselves whether they can believe his account of the major crisis of his life, and whether they could believe what he would tell them about any crisis of his presidency."

The *New York Times* was equally stern: "If Mr Kennedy used his enormous influence to protect himself and his career by leading a cover-up of misconduct—and the known facts lead to that suspicion—there would hang over him not just a cloud of tragedy, but also one of corruption, of the Watergate kind. And as we know from Watergate, there is no graver question for a President than whether he can be trusted to respect the law. All those who had anything to do with the Chappaquiddick affair and its aftermath owe the nation an accounting that in a decade, for some reason, they have never had to give."

So far, the Press has refused to let the Chappaquiddick issue die. There is a lesson here for myth-makers of all varieties: the media giveth and also taketh away.

Kennedy, asked why he was running for President, said: "The reasons that I would run are because I have great belief in this country, that it is—there is more natural resources than any nation of the world, there is the greatest educated population in the world . . . and the greatest political system in the world. It just seems to me that this nation can cope and deal with its problems in a way it has done in the

past. We are facing complex issues and problems in this nation at this time but we have faced similar challenges at other times.

"And the energy and resourcefulness of this nation, I think, should be focused on these problems in a way that brings a sense of restoration . . . in dealing with the problems that we face. Primarily the issues on the economy, the problems of inflation and the problems of energy. And I would basically feel that it is imperative for this country to move forward, that it can't stand still or otherwise it moves backward."

This is the unvarnished, unscripted, unspeech-written Kennedy answering what has to be the first question to any candidate: why are you running? We have had passable presidencies before without verbal coherence, but the legend tells us to expect more of a Kennedy. The CBS film interview, of which the above is by no means an atypical example, immediately set the Carter people agitating for a debate, and the Press, for the first time, began quoting Kennedy verbal slips.

Some weeks after the interview, the film and theatre producer Bill Wilson, who worked for both of Kennedy's brothers and now is a media volunteer in this campaign said: "After all, the programme was taped before things were formed—July and August . . . and it was the first go around with those questions."

Kennedy was asked about Chappaquiddick, his wife and why he might run—hardly novel inquiries. But, in a fascinating glimpse into America's mediocracy, Wilson tells us that July and August was "before things were formed?" What things? Not reality and, one hopes, not some ideas about the matters at hand, but the right phrases, the right images. TV has taught us in so many ways to accept life as a vicarious experience. Reality turns out to be just a working draft.



Besides Chappaquiddick and weaknesses in his unrehearsed speech, the media are also bothered by "womanizing". Feminism has gone after male-oriented legends with particular vigour and the aura of machismo hangs heavy over the Kennedy camp. The Press has got the message and, as this is written, several major stories are in the works. One female Kennedy volunteer who has been active in previous Kennedy campaigns was called up by the *New*

York Times and asked point-blank whether she had ever had an affair with the senator. Suzannah Lessard, who has written on the subject, says Kennedy's behaviour "suggests an old-fashioned, male chauvinist, exploitive view of women as primarily objects of pleasure. It gives me the creeps: the constant pursuit (although the image is almost passive, in a way) of semi-covert, just barely personal and ultimately discardable encounters."

Each of these images—Kennedy at Chappaquiddick, Kennedy the numbler, Kennedy the womanizer—is under control for the moment. But they can have a subtle cumulative effect that may not be apparent at the beginning of a campaign.



On the other hand, they are countered by images that go to the heart of the American soul: the fun-loving, ball-throwing, boat-sailing, beach-running family that has gone through an extraordinary series of tragedies yet emerged with honour and joy. The family is still important to many Americans. Despite the sexual revolution and the divorce rate the concept of family remains a central American myth. When we gave up royalty we did not surrender our primal connexion to blood. The Kennedy family is real and enviable. No matter that some of its members have tangled with drugs and liquor. Many people react to that with "there but for the grace of God" rather than with censure. It does not even seem to matter that the Kennedys are terribly rich. When Teddy was running for the Senate he confessed to a factory worker that he had never worked a day in his life. "Teddy me boy," said the man, "you haven't missed a thing."

It may be a tacit belief that a rich man in office will not steal from the people or it may be a feudal desire for the protection of a powerful lord, but the fact remains that, from Roosevelt on, the Democrat presidents have tended to be wealthy and, ironically, more so than their GOP opponents.

The family is real, in its triumphs and tragedies, in its fun and its problems. Its cohesiveness, its sense of collective responsibility, its willingness to do things "as a family" are qualities that many Americans may long for in their own families. The Carters are a big family, too, but as Peter Edelman says: "One family is a lot" ➤

America and the House of Kennedy

classier than the other." There are other families with which Americans might fall in love, but they have not invited us, or the media, into their lives.

Then, too, there is the larger family of Irish political culture. Armed with wit, the gift of the gab, and a personal and unpompous style, the Irish politician goes into the fray not just for the victory but for the fun. Politics becomes theatre. A campaigner like Kennedy never merely gives a speech; he throws a party.

Washington has become a sullen town since LBJ took the fun out of life with the Vietnam war. We have gone through the annoying arrogance of Nixon and the boring humility of Ford and Carter. We may long for a little cheerful *chutza*.

The Irish political influence in America is stronger than mere numbers would indicate. And Kennedy can draw, in pulling diverse segments of the country into a coalition, on a tradition once well described by a Chicago politician: "A Lithuanian won't vote for a Pole, and a Pole won't vote for a Lithuanian. A German won't vote for either. But all three will vote for an Irishman."

If family and Irishness fail him, Kennedy still, like his brothers, has his looks. Women and the media find him extremely attractive. You cannot blame Kennedy for being good-looking any more than you can blame him for a self-deprecating wit, for a subtle ability to make a cliché rise from the ground instead of lying lumpy on a speaker's platform, for having so many nieces and nephews also with charm, for having all those qualities that make photographers and journalists believe that the real story must be here.

But the magnification of these appealing images is not the media's burden alone. As Curtis Gans said: "The Kennedys invented the manipulation of the media. They were the first people to understand how to use it. They use it extraordinarily well, in all its facets."

There is a myth that is even stronger than that of the Kennedys; it is the myth that says Americans "choose" their President. They don't because they have little say over who runs for the office. This has always been true to some extent but it is brutally clear now. The most important moments of a presidential campaign are often near the beginning. And it is at these moments, before any vote has been cast, that the media exercise devastating power, declaring for the public which are their "viable" candidates. Sometimes this is done explicitly and sometimes it is done merely by covering some candidates and ignoring others, but with no primary results to challenge the selection, Press prescience can reign supreme.

Not only does this limit our choice of candidates but, more importantly,



our debate of issues.

This presumptive junking of candidates and preselection, which has more in common with a poll of football coaches by a news agency than with what most people think of as a democracy, is not new but it is getting worse. In the 1920s the political wit and sage H. L. Mencken travelled through the south and at each stop reporters asked him who was leading in the presidential race. He would sombrely announce that there was a major boom going for that state's governor. It took a couple of weeks for the reporters to discover that Mencken was starting presidential boomlets all over the South. With television he never would have got away with it.

The only saving grace in the current situation is that the Press preselection does not always work, at least for Democrats. In October, 1971, McGovern, the eventual nominee, had 6 per cent in the polls. In October, 1975, Carter had less than 3 per cent.

Still it is not easy to overcome the media's premature presumptions. Legends, after all, occupy space that might otherwise be filled with other legends. Not only just in this campaign but for two decades there has not been much room for political legends other than that of the Kennedys.

There is finally the question of how the legend affects the man himself. One of those I talked to suggested that Kennedy's difficulty in expressing himself might reflect an inner reluctance to go into battle. God knows, he has suf-

ficient reason for that: two assassinated brothers, personal embarrassment, an extended family to help care for. But the very qualities that have attracted others to the Kennedys—the family, the enthusiasm, the optimism and the duty—work on the man himself. He asked his mother's permission to run. Some sneered, but it reminded us that we were not only being asked to buy a candidate but a clan related by blood and experience.

Edward Kennedy comes to the country with much of his government already in place. But, as the question to his mother suggests, he does not fully control this government. He did not, after all, create the legend; he is only its chief trustee. At one level, it seems almost arrogant that Kennedy should consider himself so indispensable to America that he draws us into confrontation with one of our deep political fears—that he, too, might fall victim to the madness that lurks at the edge of American politics. There are some who think that Kennedy's greatest contribution would have been to end that confrontation and its risk, no matter how small. Certainly, his candidacy not only forces Americans to make a political choice, but involves them inexorably in his personal fate. To lose yet another Kennedy would be to create a bitter legend almost impossible to overcome. Yet you sense that Kennedy stepped forward not out of arrogance but out of a sense of duty that overwhelmed even his own fears and reluctance. The myth said he was the one and, believing the

Senator Edward Kennedy began his campaign with a substantial lead in the opinion polls but followed a weak opening on TV with an ill-judged comment on the Iran crisis. Yet "on the stump" he remained effective.

myth, he had no choice.

It is, perhaps, a testimony to Kennedy's sincerity if not his wisdom. To him, power simply cannot be the unalloyed gold that it is to others.

It would be easier, and perhaps happier, if we could stick to the issues. We might wish that, if we must have a political myth, it should not contain so much moral ambivalence, such distance from known reality and so much artificial manufacture. But looking at it from a literary, rather than a political or moral, perspective, it has the stuff of all good legends: a flawed hero, tragedy, triumph, ruthlessness, danger and inexorability. As James McGregor Burns put it, the original Camelot was a legend of "bravery and treachery, of incest and illegitimacy, of 'deadly virtues' and virtuous sins". And the Kennedy legend is as Emerson described life, "evermore beauty and disgust; magnificence and rats".

In the centre still sits the hero, resolute and resigned, saying with awkward syntax and wistful understatement: "I have served in the United States Senate for 17 years. I have taken positions. I have spoken on issues. And there have been other factors which have impacted in my life and people will have to make that judgment." ●

Can we get by without petrol?

by Tony Osman

It is hard to realize that the day will come when there is no more oil to make petrol. But research is taking place to find a viable alternative, and the author here discusses some of the results.



We are using up the world's reserves of oil, it is almost superfluous to state, and we shall quickly have to produce a list of priorities, so that oil is used only where it is essential. Other, more abundant, fuels can be used where it is not. But for transport there is at present no good alternative to oil and substances made from it.

So when the oil runs out some things will grind to a halt. Amazingly, there are people who still do not believe that we shall run out of oil, or, to be more precise, they believe that we shall not run out for a long time yet. We shall burn North Sea oil, the argument runs, for years to come and by the time that is used up some other unexpected reserve will be discovered.

But the facts are much grimmer. This planet has a limited size and the geological processes that produced oil have stopped. We are drawing on a non-renewable source of energy, and we are using our reserves of oil at a terrifying speed. The production of North Sea oil will reach its maximum in the late 1980s, after which the yield will decline. If we do nothing to alter the way we use oil, world demand will exceed world supply by the end of the 1980s, or very soon afterwards.

There is no cheap oil left anywhere and what oil there is will become dearer and dearer, even apart from the effects of inflation and political storms in the oil-producing countries. Sheikh Yamani, of Saudi Arabia, has estimated that oil will cost four times its present price by 1990, *apart from the effects of inflation*. It will be the equivalent of paying £5 a gallon for petrol today.

There will not be much private motoring if petrol costs £5 a gallon, and the effect of the price will spread to all kinds of road transport, not to mention aircraft. Private motoring gives a valuable freedom to our lives, and road transport is essential, particularly for those who live in the country. Essential, too, are mobility for the fire and ambulance and police services, and fuel for the tractors and other machinery of agriculture. So, as oil is going to run out, and quickly, we must find another way to fuel our movements.

Electrically powered vehicles: a delivery van with an operating speed of 16mph; the Enfield car, powered by traction batteries, and with an external plug and socket for recharging; and an airport tow-tractor.

Fortunately there are two lines of research that seem likely to save us. More studies are needed, but the way seems clear. The two most promising approaches for travel in the future are electric cars and vans, and new fuels based on quickly grown crops.

There have been electric cars for as long as there have been petrol-engined cars. There was a rather stately electric brougham, for example, around the turn of the century, and, a little later, a far from stately electric car that for a while held the world land speed record. These two vehicles demonstrated the limitations of the electric car: you could either amble along for ten or 15 miles or so, or you could spend all your electrical energy in a couple of brief bursts.

Since then, practical electric road vehicles, apart from trolley-buses and trams which are limited to pre-destinated paths, have basically all been of one sort, typified by the milk float and the delivery van: rather slow vehicles capable of only a limited distance. But where these limitations are acceptable, electric vehicles have a lot to recommend them, and there are 45,000 of them on the roads of Britain.

Their social advantages are that they are silent and produce no polluting exhaust fumes; for the user, they are attractive because they need little maintenance and are well suited to the continual stop and go of a delivery circuit, which is notoriously destructive to petrol and diesel engines. The electric road vehicle will have the advantage of being able to move when the oil runs out: the electricity it needs can be produced by power stations that burn coal or even wood, or it can be driven by nuclear energy. In appropriate areas hydro-electric power can be used.

This assumes that the electric car uses rechargeable batteries—petrol-driven cars use these to drive the starter and energize the lighting—but there are a couple of alternatives, one easily dismissed, the other more promising.

"One-shot" batteries, similar to those

used in electric torches and transistor radios, are impracticable for electric transport. You would need an enormous number to provide an adequate current, they are very expensive as a source of electricity, and they are extremely wasteful of the world's resources of the zinc which is generally used for their outer layer.

Fuel cells are more promising. These are similar to non-rechargeable batteries but they overcome the disadvantages of the latter. A fuel cell consists of two electrodes, one of which is fed with a fuel—hydrogen gas or even petrol vapour—and the other with, generally, air or oxygen. The reactions at the two electrodes produce electricity very efficiently and the fuel disappears as if it had been burned. Fuel cells using hydrogen and oxygen have been used regularly on spacecraft but they are expensive and complex devices. There is no scientific reason why fuel cells should not be improved, but so far the problems involved in using fuel cells for road transport have ruled them out.

This leaves us with the rechargeable battery. Most of the electric vehicles in use at present are driven by lead-acid batteries, refined versions of the ones in a conventional car. Every motorist knows the problems that arrive with any attempt to use these in large numbers. First, the batteries are very expensive: for a milk float they cost £2,000 or £3,000. A commuting vehicle would need more batteries.

This points to the other defect of the lead-acid battery: they are extremely heavy in terms of the amount of electricity they can store. As you add more and more batteries to provide the energy for acceleration and for an acceptable range, you are increasing dramatically the mass that has to be moved, so that much of the energy produced by the batteries is used to move the batteries themselves.

Another problem is that the batteries take a long time to recharge. Petrol is a concentrated form of energy: you can

refill your tank at about 5 gallons a minute, and each gallon can take you 40 miles or more on the road. To recharge batteries at this rate needs a power supply that can deliver at a rate of 15 million watts. If you recharge from a normal 13 amp plug you will need 80 hours to achieve the equivalent of a minute at a petrol pump.

But despite all these objections, electric road vehicles have their place, even now. We tend to buy cars and vans with top speeds of 70 or 80 miles an hour or more, and with ranges of hundreds of miles per tankful. But we often need neither these speeds nor such large ranges.

The electric commuter car has appeared in a number of experimental forms over the years. The average length of a commuting journey or a shopping trip is only a few miles and, notoriously, commuter travel is slow. Certainly, if most people had to use a vehicle only for commuting travel they would find an electric car adequate. These vehicles have the advantages of silence and an absence of exhaust fumes, and the strong possibility of being cheaper to run than a petrol car as the price of oil continues to rise. The problem is that at the moment few people are willing to accept a car that is essentially for one use only.

The picture changes somewhat for vehicles that are not expected to have more than a limited application. One possibility is an electric taxi, and experimental models have been produced.

But a vehicle that does seem to fill a real need is a medium-sized electric delivery van. Many vans, such as newspaper vans, though capable of 70 mph and having a range of 200 miles per tankful, are used only around towns. A lot of the problems of the electric car start from the fact that the batteries weigh so much: weight will be a smaller fraction of the payload of a one-tonne van than of a tiny commuter car.

Several electric vans are now being tested in actual roadwork. A government-backed "London goes electric" project is designed to test vans made by Lucas/Bedford, Chloride/Talbot, and Crompton. The vans are

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Can we get by without petrol?

limited in range and the higher speeds, but they are far from being milk floats: speed and acceleration are like those of the traffic in which they will move.

Everyone is aware of the disadvantages of using massive lead-acid batteries in electric cars, but battery-makers understand such batteries, while there is very little experience of making other kinds of rechargeable battery. But there are experiments on alternative batteries, and there will certainly be some available in the next decade or so.

One of the most promising of the new rechargeable batteries is the sodium-sulphur battery. In this the two electrodes are made of liquid sodium and liquid sulphur. The battery is a lightweight store of electricity—both sodium and sulphur are low in density—but the battery is complicated to use. Sodium and sulphur are solid at normal room temperatures, so the battery has to be kept hot. But the problem can be solved, and one British company, Chloride Silent Power, has produced practicable sodium-sulphur batteries.

In the United States there are experiments using other systems, and one at least of these obviates the problem of having to keep the battery hot. It uses exotic materials—lithium and a compound of what is known as a transition metal—but this certainly will not prevent its use in the future.

But until we have electric vehicles or some altogether new type of car we must look for a petrol substitute that can be used in engines similar to those we use today.

The most promising alternative is alcohol, which can be produced from fermented grain, fruit juices or potatoes. The problem is that this fermentation gives a mixture of alcohol and water at best no stronger than wine, and you cannot even set wine on fire, let alone explode it in a car engine. You have to get rid of most of the water.

Traditionally, alcohol solutions are distilled to make them stronger. If you heat a mixture of alcohol and water, the vapour that comes off can be nearly pure alcohol, which can be added to petrol to eke it out, or even exploded in the cylinders of a specially designed engine. But distillation needs heat, and the energy-economics of using a fuel to heat some product of fermentation so as to produce a motor fuel are dubious, to put it mildly.

But in hot countries the alcohol can be distilled by using solar energy. And scientific research is finding novel ways to remove water from dilute alcohol. There are chemicals that will absorb water if they are stirred into a mixture of alcohol and water, but they are neither common nor cheap at present.

The certainty is that alcohol will be used in car engines. Indeed it is already being used. Brazil produces alcohol by fermenting, among other crops, sugar cane, and the petrol which it uses contains around 20 per cent of alcohol.

The aim is a mix containing still more alcohol by the end of this year, and eventually to use no petrol at all.

This is a target which can be reached only by nations that do not have all that many cars. A calculation for the United States shows that if the entire US grain crop were turned into alcohol for motor transport, the net yield each year would be less than 1 per cent of the amount needed.

Yet the use of alcohol as a motor fuel will grow. It has the advantage that the supply is inexhaustible, in the sense that you can sow fields year after year with grain for alcohol production, using the plants to trap the energy of the sunlight and convert it into a form that can be used to drive cars.

Another way of doing this is to use methane gas. This simple compound is produced whenever organic matter rots and it is easy to trap the methane produced and use it to drive engines. If the gas could be used in cars it would help with our energy problems. The catch is that it takes up a lot of space.

Methane, however, is a compound of hydrogen and carbon only, and so is petrol. Methane has only one atom of carbon, and petrol has around eight. It should be possible to persuade molecules of methane to join together to form molecules of petrol or something sufficiently like it to be useful. At present, such complex reactions demand a lot of energy, but again, scientific research, under the stress of urgent demand, is suggesting totally novel approaches. There are, it turns out, natural substances that can act on methane to produce petrol or substances closely resembling it.

Another approach is the conversion of coal to petrol. Coal contains carbon and hydrogen and a number of other useful elements, and although the reserves are finite they are certainly going to last longer than the reserves of oil. There are well-established ways of converting coal to oil; the processes are complex and demand a highly sophisticated technology, but they could certainly be simplified in the future. Even now, for most countries, petrol from coal is a better bargain in terms of energy than alcohol from grain as a way of powering cars.

The petrol crisis is so near that we are unlikely to work out a single solution in time. In any case, a solution that works for, say, Central America will not necessarily work in Britain. We shall develop a diversified pattern of road transport, using, for example, electric motors for town travel, alcohol from grain in the less developed countries and fuel from coal in the West. These are only short-term solutions. Political upheavals in oil-producing countries can only make the crisis more immediate.

In the slightly longer term, say 15 or 20 years, we shall have found ways to move around without using petrol. Personal transport is so important that scientific research will turn increasingly towards novel ways of providing it.



Cloth for Men...

BY **DORMEUIL**

Uffington

by E. R. Chamberlin

In the second of our series of articles on places with literary associations, the author describes the charming village in the Vale of the White Horse where Tom Brown spent his boyhood, and where his creator, Thomas Hughes, also grew up. Photographs by Malcolm Robertson.

"I pity those people who weren't born in a vale. I don't mean a flat country, but a vale—that is, a flat country bordered by hills. The having your hill *always* in view if you choose to turn towards him, that's the essence of a vale. There he is for ever in the distance, your friend and companion. You never lose him as you do in a hilly district." Thus wrote Thomas Hughes in the first chapter of his book *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. The hill he has in mind is that which lies south of the village of Uffington in Berkshire, and whose crest is crowned with the hill figure that provides the loveliest place-name in the English language: the Vale of the White Horse.

"Whenever we come back after having been away for a little while, my wife looks up to the hills and says, 'Aren't they lovely? So friendly to come back to. Why did we ever leave them?'" So says John Little, devoted champion of Thomas Hughes, Chairman of Uffington Parish Council, speaking more than a century after Hughes wrote but echoing the same thought. Two concepts dominate the village: the White Horse and Tom Hughes. To an outsider this is odd, because the White Horse is not visible from the village (or seen as nothing more than a white scar which could be simply a path), and Hughes left the village in 1833 at the age of 11, returning thereafter only for occasional vacations. But the villages all around have agreed that the White Horse, while not actually belonging to Uffington, is certainly in Uffington's care, and the emotional charge Hughes received from his childhood in the village provided him with a tremendous propulsion for his novel.

"The phenomenal and enduring success of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* has done great disservice to its author," John Little says emphatically in one of his lectures. "Tom Brown overshadows Thomas Hughes not merely in the popular imagination but also in the work of serious historians." Even a superficial survey of Hughes's later life and career substantiates the charge that the novel played only a small part in his life. He became a QC; he was closely involved in the abortive Chartist move-

ment and was also one of the founding fathers of the highly successful Co-operative Wholesale Society; he founded what was intended to be an ideal socialist colony in Rugby, Tennessee, and lost a great deal of money over it; he wrote many other books apart from that too-famous one; and he was an antiquarian of intelligence and zeal. After his book had virtually made his name a household word, he expressed his irritation and distress at being identified with the Tom Brown of the novel, and in the less successful sequel *Tom Brown at Oxford* he goes out of his way to state, "I must take this first and last chance of saying that he is not I, either as boy or man."

But despite the author's protests, it is likely that the English-speaking public will continue to associate Tom Hughes with Tom Brown. And it really has good reason to do so. In the 1857 edition of the novel the reader reaches page 75 before Tom leaves Uffington for Rugby. For he was born there, as Hughes was himself in 1822. Tom Brown is the son of a sturdy Berkshire squire; so is Thomas Hughes. It is difficult to dissociate the benevolently patriarchal Mrs Brown from the energetic, imaginative Madam Hughes, who inspired both Thomas Barham and Walter Scott to record local legends; and Tom Brown's life in the little village must have been similar to that of his creator. Squire Brown is well aware of his value and standing but is decidedly no snob and allows his son to roam round with the village children. Tom waits for them outside the solid 17th-century stone school-house which is still a distinctive feature of the village. The boy's mentor, the ageing, infirm Benly, is surely drawn from life, as is his cottage.

"The White Horse Vale was traversed by no great roads, nothing but country parish roads," Hughes remembered, and that is still essentially true today. The Great Western Railway declined to approach nearer than 2 or 3 miles even quite large places such as Faringdon or Wantage and British Rail has carried the process further by declining even to halt its trains at the wayside stations; they



Above right, the Vale of the White Horse in Berkshire. Right, the village of Uffington, dominated by its church; and the Thomas Hughes Memorial Hall.

Uffington

swing through the Vale from Didcot to Swindon without a pause. So the only way to enter the Vale is by road and the best way is along the "top road" that runs along the line of southern hills only a little below that most ancient Ridgeway along the crest. From here the Vale opens out, heart-breakingly beautiful in its subtle early summer colours, cornfields running from green to yellow, meadows rich in the sun.

Uffington is dominated by its church, a massive building with a remarkable octagonal tower. The houses, thatched and tiled, are scattered, with large gardens, but nevertheless form a unity. A little stream with the clearest, sparkling water—the "pebbly brook" in which Tom caught sticklebacks before he graduated to the canal—circles the village almost entirely, like a toy moat, adding to the feeling of compactness, of unity. The people, too, form a genuine community: nothing more clearly demonstrates this than the extraordinary success of the White Horse Festival which, beginning simply as a village event, is now of national status and attracts tens of thousands over its two-day course.

John Little launched the first Festival in 1972, "but it's a joint effort: it wouldn't be possible unless the whole village took part." Every village should have a John Little, Uffington's unofficial Remembrancer. His accumulation of books on Berkshire and Wiltshire history rivals that in the public library but even more important than the printed material is his collection of ephemera relating to the village: photographs, programmes, maps, letters.

Pride of place is given to the Hughes material. For some years now descendants of the family have tended to pass on to him anything relating to Thomas Hughes's generation, and Little's collection is now probably the most comprehensive in the country. It was his interest in Hughes that led to the launching of the Festival—which can be seen as the revival, under another name, of the ancient festival known as the Scouring of the White Horse.

Following his two Tom Brown books, Hughes devoted his third work to an account of this event. He attended the last known Scouring in 1857 and published a book on it two years later. *The Scouring of the White Horse* is a delightful mixture of fiction, history, topography and an antiquarian's commonplace book. The fictional part is indicated by the sub-title, "The long vacation ramble of a London clerk", and it tells the story of how a City clerk, identified simply as "Richard", accepts the invitation of his friend Joe, a Vale farmer, to visit him for a fortnight and attend the Scouring. Richard falls in love with Joe's sister, Lucy, and, we are left to assume, eventually marries her and lives happily ever after. But his prime role is to act as a vehicle for a rich collection of local history, legends and ballads as inhabitants of the Vale



In Tom Brown's Schooldays Tom waits for the village children outside the school-house which is still a feature of Uffington, top. A stream, like the "pebbly brook" in which Tom caught sticklebacks, circles the village.

explain this or that aspect of the Scouring to him.

Hughes devotes considerable space to the arguments about the origins and the siting of the White Horse. Some of his 18th-century predecessors rose to splendid heights of academic invective over the matter, such as the Reverend George North who, in 1741, published an attack upon a fellow antiquarian with the resounding title "An answer to a Scandalous Libel entitled The Impertinence and Imposture of Modern

Antiquaries displayed, or a Refutation of the Reverend Mr Wise's letter to Dr Mead concerning the White Horse". Not the least enigmatic aspect of the Horse is its siting, for it is visible from only a few places in the Vale, whereas by dropping it a few feet its unknown designer could have ensured its visibility from almost every angle. There is doubt, too, about its dating and the controversy is likely to continue.

The Scouring has a strictly practical purpose, for unless the encroaching

grass and moss is regularly scraped clean the figure would eventually disappear. But traditionally it was accompanied by a great "veast" which was held in the nearby Uffington Castle—one of the many earthworks of the area. Hughes has his clerk wandering around, all ears, taking down whatever he hears in the way of local history. Here, certainly, the clerk is Hughes himself for he was an accomplished short-hand writer.

There is the Ballad of the Scouring: "The owld White Harse wants zettin to rights

And the Squire hev promised good cheer

Zo we'll gee un a scrape to kip un in zhape

An a'll last for many a year."

A local doctor sings *The Vicar of Bray*, but warns Richard not to bother to take it down because it is now in print. A bargee contributes *The Death of Nelson* to thunderous applause.

So we follow the locals in their festivities: running for cheeses down the precipitous side of the Hill, chasing a pig, wrestling, "back-swording" or fighting with quarter staffs. Hughes, who believed firmly in boxing as a manly sport, deplored the disappearance of the noble art of back-swording but, as its object was to break the opponent's head and draw blood above the eyebrows, it is understandable why its popularity waned in less robust times.

The 1857 Scouring was to be the last, but Hughes himself provided inspiration for that species of revival, the Festival. In 1912 the local WEA branch launched a highly successful "Tom Brown Festival" and again, in 1972, the village celebrated the 150th anniversary of Hughes's birthday with another Festival of the same name. The glittering list of patrons is testimony of the role that Hughes (or Tom Brown?) plays in our national life for it included Sir John Betjeman, Stuart Piggott, Airey Neave, Marcus Lipton, the Earl of Craven (whose ancestors once owned the White Horse and one of whom personally welcomed Hughes's clerk), David Astor...

The celebrations are now an annual event, under the name of White Horse Festival, and they have raised thousands of pounds for the benefit of the village. The most obvious evidence is the spanking new Thomas Hughes Memorial Hall, which includes a foundation stone laid by Thomas Hughes himself when the CWS headquarters were built in London in 1879. On learning that they were to be demolished, John Little began negotiations to obtain the stone. It took two years to gain that permission, attracting the attention of the Press who were disposed to see in it a David and Goliath relationship. But though it is to be doubted whether London noticed that the stone had gone, Uffington certainly noticed its arrival, for again it was a co-operative effort that manhandled the 1 ton block of the only foundation stone Hughes ever laid back to his village, where it all started ●

Getting to know the Vikings

by David M. Wilson

We tend to think of the Vikings as hardy seafarers uncaring about the comforts of a settled life.

But, as the Director of the British Museum points out, these Scandinavian raiders were in fact a highly civilized people; and the exhibition at the Museum from February 14 until July bears witness to this fact.



Reliquary of wood, bronze and tinned copper with inset glass or garnet from Norway, 13.6 cms in length.

that is deeply felt in a country that they harried, settled or controlled for nearly 250 years.

More scholarly attention has been focussed on the Viking Age in the last 15 years than at any previous period, and with this attention has come a considerable access of knowledge, particularly through material found in excavations in Scandinavia and the Viking colonies. Our view of the Scandinavian Viking Age has changed out of all

recognition and major reinterpretations have produced ideas that the exhibition demonstrates in digestible form.

In AD793 an attack on Lindisfarne, one of the richest and holiest religious foundations in England, ushered in two or three hundred years of threat, trouble and plunder on the part of Scandinavians towards western Europe. It also ushered in a period during which man's horizons were extended physically and spiritually

through the activities of the same people. The Vikings at the end of the eighth century were pagan and were painted in the blackest colours by contemporary Christian chroniclers: until the conversion of Scandinavia in the tenth and 11th centuries they were condemned almost without exception for their rapacity and brutality. Although the legendary prayer, "From the fury of the Northmen, Good Lord deliver us", was probably never uttered, it expressed the dominant feelings of Christian Europe that since then have coloured discussion of these "valiant," ➤

On February 14 an exhibition, "The Vikings", will open at the British Museum without benefit of centenary (although Thanet, Southampton and Cheshire could celebrate the millennium of their ravaging by the Danish army). The Vikings have a popular fascination and are much misunderstood. Viking ships are familiar images which sell everything from beer to matches. The Vikings are portrayed as "wrong but romantic" and there is a general demand to know more about them. This exhibition attempts to satisfy a curiosity about the Vikings

Getting to know the Vikings

wrathful, purely pagan people".

Yet it was the Vikings who colonized Iceland and Greenland, who introduced the word "law" into the English language, who made voyages of discovery that extended as far as the New World and who were among the most adventurous and successful people of their period, with a vital art, a varied imagery and (if we can believe the later saga writers) a cheerful disposition. These apparent contradictions—sophisticate and pirate, artist and adventurer—are some of the elements that will be expressed and explained by this exhibition so that the Vikings may not universally be seen merely as a band of professional rapists bludgeoning their way into the history of a peaceful and settled Europe. This is not to say that the Scandinavians of the Viking Age were benign do-gooders. In a brutal age they were brutal; they were interested in gathering wealth for themselves by any means that would not leave them too liable to retribution or revenge. The line between raiding and trading was not too finely drawn.

For a period in which contemporary sources are limited and to a large extent one-sided, it is to archaeology that the student must turn his attention to find new material and to stimulate reinterpretation of the historical sources. Archaeologists have been particularly active, most spectacularly in towns. Excavations at Hedeby (just south of the Danish border), York, Lincoln, Dublin and Birka (a few miles from Stockholm) have led to a new understanding of the role of the Vikings in their homelands and in the west.

The Hedeby excavations are well represented in the exhibition, not only by rich objects—brooches, swords and other artefacts—but also by a full-scale reproduction of part of a town house. The survival of the wattle gable-end of a collapsed building in waterlogged conditions on this important site has enabled Danish archaeologists to reconstruct this building to its full height. Skilled craftsmen, supervised by a Danish architect who has specialized in this subject, have produced a remarkably realistic interior: one which demonstrates not only the skill of the builder but also the comparative comfort and warmth of a type of dwelling which is otherwise known only from a series of post-holes or at best the stumps of the main upright members. The present realization of the value of full-scale reproductions by archaeologists (who until a few years ago were scornful of such seeming frivolities) has tempted us to exhibit, as a pendant to the main show, full-scale replicas of a four-oared boat, a cart and a sledge so that visitors may appreciate a little of the skill of the Scandinavian craftsman working in his natural medium, wood. Finds from other towns add to the picture of the

high standard of living of the Scandinavian merchant and administrator.

The continuing excavations at York have received a great deal of publicity. Not only have archaeologists excavated important graves from this most prestigious city, which was from AD867 to 954 a major administrative and merchant centre of Scandinavian polity, the centre of a Scandinavian kingdom and an important international emporium, but skilful and imaginative excavation has also revealed the wooden remains of craftsmen's houses and workshops in the industrial quarter. Similar excavation has taken place in Dublin, which in the late tenth century emerged (perhaps as a successor to York) as the most important market of the Scandinavians in the West. No site in western Europe has produced so much material illustrating the crafts and far-flung connexions of a major merchant community in the 11th and early 12th centuries—a period in which the Scandinavians were in complete economic control of this enclave within the amorphous entity that was pre-Norman Ireland. Birka in Sweden and Kaupang in Norway point further to the mercantile aspect of the Viking Age and excavation there has produced finds which underline this vital aspect of the civilization of the north when the first towns were being established.

But not all Vikings lived in towns, indeed there were vast tracts of the north where towns did not exist. Iceland, for example, a kind of aristocratic democracy, had an economy based on farming and almost casual merchant excursions abroad. In the late 1930s excavation of a number of sites, overwhelmed by the eruption of the volcano Hekla in 1104, provided some of the first examples of the more domestic and agricultural side of Viking life. This aspect of settlement is paralleled and illustrated even more clearly perhaps in the excavation of settlement sites in Shetland, Orkney and Scotland in the years just before and after the Second World War. Brisay in Orkney, Jarlshof in Shetland, Freswick in the very far north of mainland Scotland and more recently Udal in Uist, together with a series of sites in the Isle of Man, have been excavated and have produced a clear picture of the basic economy of the Scandinavians abroad, a picture that surely reflects the situation in Norway (where settlement sites, with a few notable exceptions, have been but little investigated).

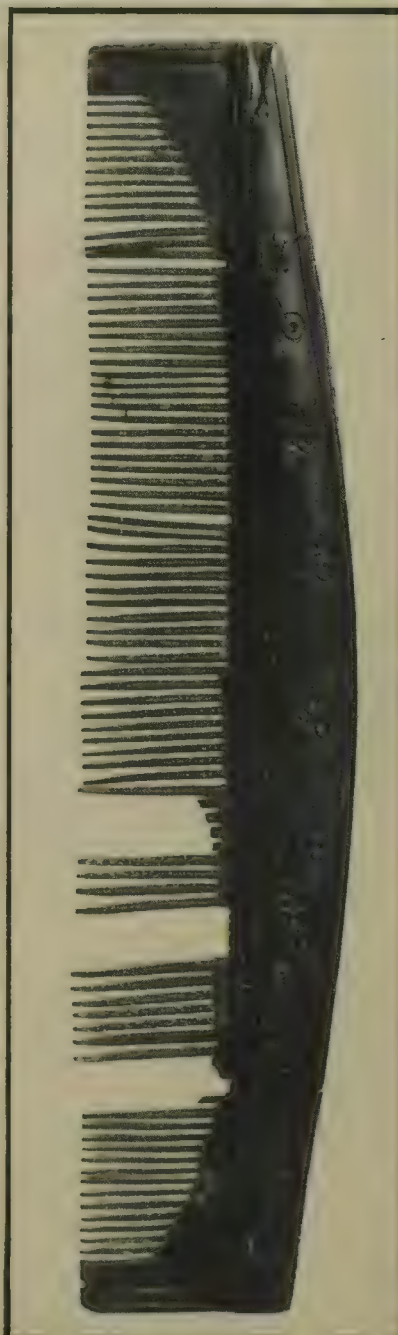
But a different story is presented by Denmark. There, at sites such as Vorbasse and Saedding in Jutland, a major research project carried out in the last ten years has produced for the first time ground-plans (if nothing else) of agglomerations that might be called villages. Different from the single farm sites familiar to archaeologists in Iceland and the north and west of Britain, these sites show an economic change towards nucleated settlement, based largely on a pastoral economy, self-sufficient and highly organized.



Reconstructed room from a Viking house, with cooking utensils and loom; and a reassembled bone comb, 20 cms long, from Hedeby, Germany.

Organization—centralized state organization—is one of the most remarkable concepts to be illuminated by Danish excavations since the war. Fired by the discovery of a remarkable circular fortification at Trelleborg and its skilful excavation in the late 1930s, Danish archaeologists have invested a lot of time, money and skill in an investigation of this and similar military centres. The recent publication of Fyrkat in northern Jutland (which is well represented in this exhibition) has brought to a head a series of academic arguments concerning the nature of the Danish state in the tenth century. The discussion entailed in the interpretation of this site has for years been controversial, but the use of tree-ring dating has now shown that not only Trelleborg, but a canal that cuts the Danish island of Samsø into two, the remains of a major wooden causeway across a marshy valley at Ravning Enge in southern Jutland, as well as a series of harbour defences, were all built towards the end of the tenth century. Such great works, together with the founding of towns to supplement the activities of Hedeby, can have been done only by royal authority. This authority seems to have gained power under the strong hand of Harald Bluetooth, who took Christianity to Denmark as the official religion, built a church at the royal necropolis of Jelling, and united Norway and Denmark under one crown.

It was perhaps to seek money to support these politically important works that Harald's son, Sven, invaded England to plunder it by means of the Danegeld, which took the form of vast sums of money paid in silver coin by





Picture stone with warriors from Smiss, Sweden, 1.26 metres high; carved warrior's head, elk antler, from Sigtuna, Sweden, 4 cms high.

the English to the Danes from the year 991 onwards. When Sven's son, Knut the Great, succeeded to the English throne in 1017 he may also have seen England as a bottomless purse from which to finance the schemes started in so grandiose a fashion by his grandfather. Piecing together what few facts we know from archaeological and historical sources it has been possible therefore to reconstruct a fairly accurate model of the Danish state in the late Viking Age.

Such has certainly not been done for Norway or Sweden, where the vastness of these countries makes for great difficulties of interpretation in general terms. Indeed it is doubtful whether we shall ever be able to bring together material from these two to form so

coherent a pattern as for Denmark. The long-famous town of Birka—now reduced to a juniper-studded field on the shores of Lake Mälär—has been excavated a number of times, most notably at the end of the last century. New excavations have begun to illuminate many obscure corners of Birka problems. Careful investigation of the changing water table since the Viking Age has shown that we must revise many of our previously held theories about the topography of this important trading centre which received merchants from all over Europe and Asia as well as from the deep forests of Scandinavia itself. At Kaupang in Norway Charlotte Blindheim's excavations have revealed part of the quay of the merchant centre of Skiringsal, a town first mentioned by Alfred the Great in the late ninth century. Exotic finds from mainland Europe and from the British Isles are witnesses of its far-flung connexions.

Both the raiding and merchant activities of the Scandinavians of the Viking Age depended on the efficiency of their transport. Methods of overland travel have been illuminated by a number of recent finds, not least by the great causeway at Ravning in Denmark, which formed one element of the great north/south system known as the Ox-road or Army-road. This ran the length of the Jutland peninsula, and along it were driven the cattle and other trade goods of the north. Of recent years more careful excavation in Denmark has led to the discovery of many tenth-century graves which contain the bodies of carts—all interestingly enough female graves.

But it is the ship that is the real symbol of the Vikings. Most people are familiar with pictures of the great Viking vessels excavated in the 19th century at Gokstad and Oseberg in the south of Norway; but few as yet know of other finds, hardly less exciting, from other parts of the northern world. At Skuldelev in Denmark in the 1960s a series of five ships was excavated. These had been sunk in the early 11th century to block the main channel along Roskilde fjord which led to the town of Roskilde, one of the major seats of the Danish kings a few miles from Copenhagen. The ships include a warship, long, narrow and fast, and two merchant vessels, broader in the beam and with a central hold for cargo. The beautifully worked stem of one of these is perhaps the most impressive exhibit in the British Museum show. During the summer of 1979 a fairly substantial portion of a magnificently built Danish ship was excavated on the shore of the now deserted town of Hedeby. It had been burnt to the waterline but its surviving timbers are more impressive in quality than even the great Gokstad ship itself.

One element of the Viking Age not well represented in the exhibition is the eastern adventures of the Swedes. The passage of the great Russian rivers to the Black Sea, to Byzantium, to the Caspian and to the Mediterranean can

only be represented by a few imported trinkets, by some Eastern coins and the odd piece of eye-catching jewelry. But even on this eastern route there has been a modicum of scholarly activity in recent years. The long quarrel between the Scandinavian and Russian historians about the presence of Swedes in Russia, which has been charged with political overtones, has eased enough to permit us to quote new finds and to examine new possibilities.

The interaction of the Slavs and the Vikings is now being aired as a scholarly problem. Excavations at Svielubie in northern Poland (which produced a typical Swedish-type grave-field) and at Ralswiek in East Germany (which revealed boat graves of a Scandinavian type) should in the course of the next few years permit of a more rational approach to the whole question of the presence of the Swedes in the south Baltic, a problem which has long been bedevilled by pan-Slavism, woolly thinking and straining after lost towns which are now unidentifiable. The influence of the Slavs on the Scandinavians is also a subject which is being examined. The excavations of fortified sites in East Germany and Poland have caused archaeologists to wonder whether perhaps the Danish fortifications at Trelleborg and elsewhere may be the result of influences from the south and east.

Casual finds are, of course, still of great importance to the archaeologist, partly because they provide us with both the rich and the unexpected. Hoard finds, gold collars, brooches, swords, sculptured stones, all add enormously to an appreciation of the Vikings' art. One of the most extraordinary is a gilded weather-vane of the early tenth century from Heggen in Norway. Once it must have stood proudly on the mast or prow of a Viking ship, later it adorned a church spire and it is now to be seen in the University Museum of National Antiquities in Oslo. The lion engraved on this splendid object symbolizes well the pride and self-assurance of the Viking Age artist, perhaps even of the Viking Age itself.

Symbolic too, perhaps, of the Vikings is the great Shrine of St Manchan from the church at Boher in County Offaly. Restored a few years ago in the British Museum, this Irish object made in Ireland in the Scandinavian taste is but one of a number of items in the exhibition which illustrate the coming of Christianity to the north. Made in the late 1120s, 70 years or so after the end of the Viking Age proper, it displays the last sinuous strength of Viking art in the face of the new Romanesque ornament established throughout the rest of western Europe. The pagan raiders who had come with such dire portents at the end of the eighth century had by the late 11th century become full members of the community of Christian nations of Europe. The fire had not gone from their belly, but they had become respectable.



Left, bronze flask with Arabic inscription from Asken, Sweden, 32 cms high; glazed cup from Hemsö, Sweden, 4.8 cms high; silver bowl with design of animals and a bird, from Alvsjöby, Sweden, 14.2 cms in diameter. Above, obverse and reverse of a silver reliquary cross from Gatabo, Sweden, 6.2 cms across. Right, silver crucifix from Trondheim, Norway, 11 cms long.



Above, glazed clay egg from Sigruna, Sweden, 4.4 cms high; silver pendant cross from Norsborg, Sweden, 5.6 cms long; silver reliquary chain from Allmänninge, Sweden, 26 cms long. Below, necklace of 27 mosaic beads from Eiden, Norway, 37 cms long.



A black and white photograph of a bicycle in a field of tulips. The bicycle is in the upper left corner, partially obscured by the text. The field is filled with tulips in various stages of bloom, with some showing red and white variegation and others in solid yellow. The background shows a line of trees under a dark sky.

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Photographs by Karin Craddock.



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Writers' houses by Paul Hogarth 2: Katherine Mansfield's House



The healthy heights of Hampstead have attracted many members of the literary and artistic community over the centuries, including Keats, Romney, Constable, Galsworthy and D. H. Lawrence. Katherine Mansfield, who was to die at Fontainebleau in 1923 of tuberculosis, lived for some years at 17 East Heath Road, near to the Vale of Health, with her second husband, the critic John Middleton Murry.



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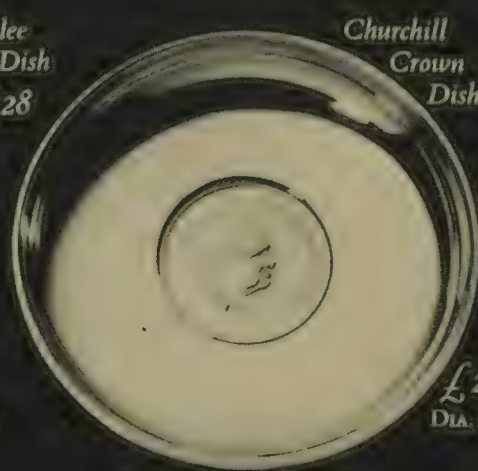
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The superstar evangelist

by Des Wilson



Billy Graham, the world's best-known evangelist and head of a vast organization bearing his name, is visiting Britain. The author looks back at his career and talks to him about his faith and the message he preaches.

all over the world needs the best rest and services he can obtain; "If the worst that can be said about Billy is that he is staying at the Holiday Inn in Hampstead, his detractors have to be desperate," said an associate. (Incidentally, he stays at Holiday Inns free, as a guest of the hotel chain.)

Graham has become accustomed to the suggestion that his worldwide crusades are merely a way whereby he can live well and in glory and reacts with all the indifference and confidence of someone who knows he is covered. Commenting on the recently published and critical biography of him, *Billy Graham: A parable of American righteousness* (Hodder & Stoughton), by American journalist Marshall Frady, Graham says: "He may be critical about some things but he confirms that my morals and finances are beyond reproach." Frady, in fact, notes that Graham "maintains an appearance of seemly moderateness in his own material circumstances" while "hardly being substantially bereft of any of this world's goods," but concludes: "Contrary to the cliché-cynicism about Graham most familiarly belaboured over the years, he is, in the end, hardly a mercenary. A vast number of commentators have found it somehow impossible to account for him without that factor. But if he has chosen in the past not strenuously to abjure the convenient and comfortable either, it is still a failure of perception to understand him in those terms, as a profiteer. He is far more earnest than that."

The size of the organization? Comes the answer: "Why should the Devil have the modern techniques, the mass

media, the communications talents all to himself? Why shouldn't Jesus Christ have access to them too?" In practical terms, once Billy Graham decided that the world was his parish it followed that to be effective he needed a lot more money and people than the vicar of St Mary's down the road. Hence the organization. Whether he needed to take the world as a parish is a different story, but it has to be said that he does not move from his home in any direction until his associates have established an emphatic consensus of church leaders in a state or country that he is wanted. The organization and follow-up of Graham crusades is dependent on local churches and so the genuineness and commitment behind the "invitation" is a practical necessity.

If this appears to be nudging the reader towards sympathy for the Graham organization's case it is not out of blindness to the inconsistencies between extravagant means and simple message, but because the inconsistencies are not of fundamental importance. The means are not so bad that they cannot be justified by a good end. What matters far more than whether Billy Graham travels first class from his mountain home in North Carolina to a television studio in New York or an arena in London is what he says when he gets there, and whether the world is on balance, better or worse for having him around.

Graham was born in a farmhouse in Charlotte, North Carolina, on November 7, 1918, and as a boy was known as Billy-Frank Graham. His father had been "converted" to Christianity when he was 18 and Billy was

raised in an atmosphere of "good old-time religion", first declaring himself publicly for Christ in response to the exhortation of a travelling tent evangelist with the extraordinary name of Mordecai Ham. In 1936 he left high school and with his friend Grady Wilson (still a close associate today) went on the road selling Fuller Brushes before attending Florida Bible Institute from which he graduated in 1940 to be ordained a minister of the Southern Baptist Convention. He married Ruth Bell in 1943 and in the late 1940s started to build a reputation as an evangelist. In 1949 he arrived in Los Angeles with a tent big enough for 6,000 people and caught the attention of William Randolph Hearst who liked the way Graham preached both Christianity and anti-Communism. Hearst's power was so enormous that when he placed his newspapers behind Graham the evangelist took off. He and his crusades just got bigger and bigger and so did the organization to back them up.

His first overseas crusade, in England in 1954, drew thousands to Harringay Stadium. (He made an even bigger impression on Britain some time later when he told newsmen that he had seen "two couples in the midst of the sex act in broad daylight" in Hyde Park.) He has since held crusades all over the US and the world in countries as diverse as Australia and Hungary. The pattern has remained much the same over the years: detailed advance work to establish a satisfactory "invitation" and then to organize the event, massive publicity on his arrival, big choirs and spectacularly staged meetings, and at the centre of it all Billy Graham, tall, blond, sun-tanned, a magnificent orator, calling on us to "come down here ... come and take Jesus Christ into your life ... I want you to get up from your seat and come down to the front", speaking over the sound of the converted souls as they come, first in a trickle then in their scores down the aisles to be met by local church members who have been trained to receive the converted and to tell them what to do next.

Graham may have lost a little of his energy over the years but he is still a remarkably alive 61-year-old, immediately and immensely likable, relaxed, and seemingly as happy chatting with a small group of students in the back room of a church in Oxford about his forthcoming mission as he is sharing confidences with Presidents. Inevitably his progress through a town or country has the appearance of an American political campaign, but any politician will tell you there is no more exhausting demand than to be constantly pleasant to people. Few politicians make the grade, but Graham does. You could say that he has to do so, because people will forgive a

The superstar evangelist

politician the occasional intemperate behaviour but find it inexcusable in the super-Christian; but if you watch him closely you are forced to conclude that Graham's extraordinarily resilient amiability and friendliness derives from the fact that he *is*, in fact, amiable and friendly—that he genuinely likes people, that he genuinely cares. Even his critical biographer Frady acknowledges his "simple huge goodwill and sheer compulsive affection for people".

But there are greater, more legitimate, concerns about the evangelist, notably about his fundamentalist "Bible bashing" brand of religion and the real value of his crusades, and about his political influence. Indeed the biggest threat to his credibility in the United States was his close association with Richard Nixon, whom he befriended in the days when Nixon was Vice President and with whom he became close when Nixon was President. Graham has had dealings with seven Presidents. He met but established little rapport with Truman, was friendly with Eisenhower, was courted by Kennedy, was especially close to Johnson, was welcomed to the White House by Ford, got too close for comfort to Nixon, and, only a few days before I spoke to him, had dined with Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter and stayed overnight at the White House.

The critics say that Graham has been used by politicians, both because he represents a huge constituency within the American people and because his support for the establishment line on most issues occasionally lends them much-needed Christian respectability. It is alleged that Graham has used his access to the White House to influence political decisions. He himself rejects this. He admits that he finds politics fascinating and he discusses politics freely but he says, "I have never been involved with politics, only with politicians." Leaders, too, need their spiritual advisers and if he can help he will. One feels, listening to him, that we have entered the area of half-truth, but not necessarily deliberately so, for it is possible that he believes you can be involved with politicians but "not with politics". It suggests, however, an element of naïvety, and that, too, he admits. "Perhaps I have been naïve, but if the President of my country says he would find it useful to talk to me, do I say 'no'? I have been accused of being naïve about Nixon, of being fooled by Nixon, but if I was, so was the whole country. People forget that when he stood for re-election Nixon won 49 out of the 50 states. So a lot of other people were fooled, too."

Given the flak he has taken for his relationship with Nixon he wins full marks for loyalty: "I still believe in him. I admire him. I think he has done many wonderful things. I was disappointed, of course I was. I still don't understand how it all came about, but I have to

accept that it did. But I will say this: if some politicians did try to use me, Nixon never did. Not once. In fact when he was in trouble and I asked if there was any way I could help, he said, 'No, Billy, you stay out. You go on with your work.'"

A writer in *The New Yorker* described Graham's prayer breakfasts and other contacts with the White House as "Christ's name becoming a sanctifying boost to potentates who lie and cheat and make unjust war" (presumably a reference to Johnson and Nixon). Graham, one feels, is not really so innocent as not to know that it was at least marginally useful for Presidents to be seen to have his support. Nor is he so innocent as not to know that his own activities were helped by being seen to have presidential attention. But for all that there is an innocence in the way he chats on about his contacts with Presidents—almost the innocence of a farm boy from North Carolina who finds himself mixing with the big folks in the big city and cannot quite get over the fact that he is there. You cannot help but feel that if there was really something clever and Machiavellian going on he would not be bubbling over with enthusiasm to a reporter about his golf with JFK and his phone calls from Ike. He is more impressed than anyone else by his White House acceptability, but would he be if it was a contrived situation he was cynically exploiting?

The fact is that his lifestyle is not of such extravagance, nor his political flirtations of such importance that criticism of them can dent the protective wall of goodwill and enthusiasm that surrounds Graham wherever he travels. The wall is partly created by his organization which will rarely manoeuvre him into close proximity to a cynic when a devotee will do, and which, by marshalling committed church-goers from miles around, ensures that his audiences are neither small nor unresponsive. There is, however, more to it than that. In a world sadly lacking in unstained leadership and credible conveyers of optimism, Graham creates around him a spirit of hope. In a world that becomes more complicated every day, he succeeds somehow in making believable the possibility that any problem can be confronted and overcome if only we would share his faith.

That faith is resolute, unshakable. "His life," wrote Frady, "has consisted of one long feat of certitude—a steadfastness against all embattling innovations of doubt. Not the least obvious fortitude in this effort has been his own capacity for an utter self-mesmerization with his message."

What is that message? It is that from the moment Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden, man has sinned, and has faced a day of reckoning. Christ took the sins of man upon himself, but the salvation of each of us depends upon our personal acceptance of that. That is the message. He has repeated it to

audiences all over the world in different languages, in books and radio programmes and films, for 40 years.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believes in him shall not perish, but have eternal life.' Put your name in there. I put mine. For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that if Billy Graham believes in him, Billy Graham shall not perish but have eternal life.

"You put your name in that.

"What will you have to do?"

"One, repent your sins.

"The second thing: you must come by faith.

"The third thing: you must be willing to obey Him, and by our obedience we are to show our concern towards men and do everything we possibly can to help those who are starving, to help those who are suffering from oppression.

"Jesus did not call us to a playground, he called us to a battlefield. A spiritual battlefield."

This simple faith is so entrenched within his being that it is impossible to shake. His need to share it is compulsive. While travelling from Cambridge to Oxford by car he clambered into the back to open a suitcase, draw from it a Bible and there and then began to preach at me with the same enthusiasm he shows to an audience of thousands. I had let myself in for it by questioning whether it was right to be so certain that his mind could never be open to doubt.

"How can you read every day in the newspapers, look every day at television, and as you travel the world see with your own eyes so much human catastrophe and disaster and suffering without sometimes wondering whether it is not inconsistent with the evidence of a loving God?" I had asked him.

"God is not indifferent to Man's suffering—God caused it. This is God's judgment," he replied. "God created man and woman and put them in a paradise. There was no death, no poverty, no suffering, no hatred and no war. But he also gave man a unique gift—the freedom of choice. Man could choose to love and serve God or he could reject God's rules and disobey God. That is what happened in the garden of Eden. That was the beginning of man's troubles."

Graham believes that mankind has been permanently trapped on a battleground between the two great warriors. God and Satan. Man suffers to the extent that he follows Satan. I reminded him of what he says in his sermons. "God loves you. No matter what sins you have committed—God loves you." How can this be consistent with allowing such suffering?

It is a straightforward question. Graham has a straightforward answer, one that from anyone else would be an evasion but from him has to be accepted for the blind faith that it is: "I can't answer all your questions. I don't know. I can't explain how God lives with our suffering. I can only tell you

what the Bible says—that we were given freedom of choice and we brought upon ourselves what has happened."

Billy Graham has been critically described as "having committed intellectual suicide". Certainly it is hard to persist in an intellectual argument with a man whose fundamental answer is "God has a purpose of his own" or "The Bible says . . ." You cannot argue with a book and Graham does not so much interpret the Bible as repeat it. He is, however, obsessed with sin as the cause of our problems and with rejection of sin as the answer. "To God we are all like sheep. We are lost from God and we cannot find our way back. And we are all guilty. We are all lost . . . the Bible says the result of our rebellion against God is death."

On the platform, Graham's personality and oratory and the atmosphere he and his colleagues have created have an impact such that when one actually reads the words later, or talks with him in person, one is stunned by the simplicity of his position and the lack of depth. One could imagine the preacher who converted him in the 30s, Mordecai Ham, saying the same things. For all his travel and contacts at the highest level, and his reading, Graham does not seem to have moved on.

As Esmond Wright of the University of London said on BBC Radio, while reviewing the Frady biography "To him all the evidence of man's inhumanity to man is simply evidence of the Devil's work. The sermons, or rather the performances, are repetitious; there is little depth." Frady said they reminded him of a vast stretch of sea that was only 2 inches deep.

Graham says that the basic message of Jesus Christ is exactly the same today as it was 2,000 years ago. Its relevance has not changed. Maybe so, but these days even many of those with a deep yearning for some spiritual meaning to their lives need an element of intellectual conviction to help them to the degree of faith Billy Graham demands. As he looks you in the eyes and tells you your salvation lies in acceptance of what he says, or rather what he says the Bible says, he creates an appetite that for a thinking man, unless already of his faith, he leaves unsatisfied.

It is arguable that the millions who have risen from their seats and walked to his feet in crusades all over the world have responded as much to a need within themselves, to hope for an answer to some deep personal problem, as they have responded to his actual words. It is also possible that the faith so movingly reflected in these public demonstrations of conversion is later followed by private disenchantment. It is hard to believe, however, that he has done much harm. On the other hand, has he done much good? It has been argued that if the same power of personality and organization had been directed beyond the point of conversion to positive work for the poor and suffering it could have achieved much more.

A Welsh view of "Twickers"

by John Morgan

The author will be one of thousands of Welshmen at Twickenham on February 16, confidently expecting Wales to defeat the "old enemy". This is his biased but good-humoured account of the history of a very special annual match.

Once upon a time there was a rugby team that wore white and played in a palatial studium in territory at the heart of their culture. They usually expected to win, and usually did. For a quarter of a century smaller men in red shirts would come from the west. They usually expected to lose and always did. But by and by it all changed and the giants in the white shirts began to lose faith in themselves (or was it their culture?) so that the men in the red shirts came expecting to win and usually did.

A game is just a game, no doubt, and yet it has come to pass that Twickenham, where England were the leading figures in world rugby, has become a place where confidence has been lost and bad rugby grown commonplace. From 1909, when the ground was opened, until 1934 Wales did not win there. Nowadays when the Welsh arrive for the match the English most want to win—Scotland used to be the principal rivals—that once omniscient audience arrives in humility, roars at a minor English piece of enterprise, but expects, in its heart, failure.

Nothing was more melancholy at the end of 1979 than to consider the response at Twickenham to the lament-

able match between England and New Zealand. Here were two poor sides playing badly: at times the inaccuracy and frequency of the kicking took the historian back a century, or put you in mind of children's ping pong. Ah, but do you remember Obolensky's try—which defeated the All Blacks here in 1936? Certainly they were brilliant, but it was a long time ago. A culture needs something more than prehistory to nourish the expectation of a new era. And yet even as recently as the 1950s England were the dominant team, victory over them was the ultimate triumph for the lesser breeds away from HQ.

We have therefore, here in this grand stadium in west London, a fascinating case history, one that says much about the English in decline. I write, I confess, as a Welshman brought up in childhood on the expectation of English victory on the field. So that if all this reads in a patronizing fashion it is only because it is meant so—sympathetic, curious, informed, but patronizing.

There has been, it is true, a sea change in the general Welsh attitude to the English team. I was brought up among hard Swansea



Memories of England-Wales rugby encounters: top left, Mervyn Davies, popular captain of the invincible Welsh team of the late 70s; centre left, Gareth Edwards, legendary Welsh scrum half in 50 internationals; top right, England scoring a try in their better days (beating Wales at Blackheath in 1892); centre right, rival captains in 1921, W. J. A. Davies (England) and J. Wetter (Wales); above, a line-out during the 1933 Twickenham match.

A Welsh view of "Twickers"

forwards who had been to Twickenham in the 1920s and early 1930s and had always lost. They maintained that England were always rough. Indeed Dai Parker, a formidable front row forward, told me that his first experience at Twickenham was being kicked on the head by an English forward in the first maul. "They were kicking everything higher than daisies," he alleged. He elaborated. That kind of thing he expected at Llanelli or Aberavon, but these English players were supposed to be gentlemen, public school and Oxford people. I suspect his innocence and consequent reappraisal did not take more than a second or two.

Consider, though, the example of last season when it was England's turn to play at Cardiff against Wales. Wales had lost narrowly to France in Paris. England, to delight and genuine puzzlement, had beaten France at Twickenham. Students of elementary logic in the Press concluded that England were going to beat Wales. I was glad to read this. It meant that for the first time for ten years I was able to find Englishmen willing to take a bet on their team against the Welsh. My son, most of whose friends are English, was disturbed. For eight years he has been going with me to the Arms Park to see Wales play and has never seen them lose a championship match. However, in the meantime I had enjoyed the delight of an analysis of the various performances of the teams by Gerald Davies—you remember? That slight, brilliant, side-stepping, moustachioed wing who had tormented England and others for a decade? He suggested that Wales might enjoy its greatest victory ever over that English team. And so it almost proved. England were an embarrassment on the field.

Let us now climb into our time machine. What you will witness if you are fortunate enough to have a ticket for Twickenham in February or are watching among the millions snarling at the telly, is something that has happened previously, in the years before Twickenham was built, when another deep crisis overtook English rugby, when the Welsh had a golden era quite as life-enhancing as the past decade.

Until 1893 the English were the overwhelming force in world rugby. Partly this was because they had invented the game, had proselytized it, and, which was important, wished to encapsulate it in a class attitude. Although the song was written later in Otago, the attitude expressed was that of the 1880s:

"Only a bit of leather,
Only an oval sphere,
But we'll cherish the sphere that our fathers loved,
And the game they held so dear.
Who dares to say a word against
The ball we prize as gold,
Shall learn that Britain's sons today
Are as strong as they were of old.

Chorus: At the brave old British game,
my boys

The dear old British game;

Tho' we're far apart, we are one at heart,

While we play the grand old game."

For all that, and the profound moral, middle-class element, there were these fine fellows up in the north of England, the rock-hard forwards who were the source of English strength, who could not afford to take time off work to play without some compensation. The southern English could not tolerate the idea that these chaps should want money. The Rugby Union split. And so in the mid 1890s those dancing masters from Wales, no longer confronted with hard English forwards from the tough north, the James brothers, Owen, Bancroft, Jones, Trew and the rest of the entrancing crowd, ran rings around England. The brilliant Welsh backs had the ball at last and transformed a rough game into a delight that commanded the multitudes.

For 18 years England did not win the championship they had so over-swayed. The Rugby Union was in disarray, its international grounds scattered, play poor, the men who had gone professional in the north doing well. It fought back, found a site in a market garden in an outer suburb, Twickenham, and built. As Geoffrey Nicholson wrote in a book he and myself published on rugby history:

"Twickenham did justify itself—and with far-reaching results. In building the stadium it had not been just a question of providing a grander setting for international matches, or even of giving the game a home it could call its own; though both these things were important. There were two factors more fundamental to the game's development. In the first place Twickenham confirmed London as the headquarters of amateur rugby. Back in 1893 no valid reason could have been given for not holding meetings of the Rugby Union in the north, or even for making that its centre . . . After Twickenham was built London was in control of the game in England, with all that implies in the way of attitudes and influences . . ."

Deep students of the game who contrast the pathetic performance of the English team against New Zealand this season with the fine triumph of the North side against the same All Blacks, will appreciate the wry force of that analysis even 70 years after Twickenham was built. However circuitously, we are inching nearer the source of the English problem, a stunning difficulty which has transformed the history of the England-Wales drama.

A new period of English triumph coincided with the building of Twickers. A number of factors helped. Some brilliant English backs imitated the Welsh successfully; more, industrial strife and unemployment in south Wales persuaded hard men to turn professional and "go north". Twickers, too, became that symbol the bourgeoisie had been searching for and soon Rolls-Royce

invented a suitable motor car for the hampers and champers. By the accounts of survivors I have talked to this was a dazzling epoch for the English game. They had fought their way, by building this stadium, out of the darkness. So why should it now have descended?

To see Twickers as the ideal middle-class symbol is really not just knock-about Marxist fun. It actually was built as a demonstration that the southern English public-school men could hold their own against the ungentlemanly boys of the north who had turned professional. Its creation was an act dedicated to the amateur spirit which in England, as in Scotland, was the gentlemanly spirit—and the way things have gone fewer people now would make fun of that than did. Similarly one's thesis that the strength and genius of the Welsh rugby team bears a close correlation to the increasing gross national product of the Principality is not so daft as it may at first seem.

As we consider the teams that will step on to the field of praise in February, I have to say that my analysis is non-Marxist, may indeed be unfashionable. All the great matches I remember over the past 40 years between England and Wales, for all the weight of sociological analysis, for all the historical angst, for all the benefit of the crowd in Cardiff, the reluctance of the Twickenham crowd, for all the disputes about coaching, for all the pitiless analysis by Welsh gurus of the cloth-headed style of English selectors, have come down to one thing: selecting players of brilliance and letting them play. I do not recall much need for theory when Jeeps was there, when Evans was hooking, when Butterfield and Davies were running free. Some may recall the first appearance of the juvenile Lewis Jones for Wales at the fine stadium—I remember it well since it was my first visit to Twickenham. The ball kicked to him at full-back, in his usual insouciant style he ran through the English team and made a decisive try.

The Welsh in the last decade of their brilliance have made much of their coaching, their deep analysis. It is the case that other national teams have had coaches. No one, I think, would dispute that the sharpest character of all was a Welshman, Carwyn James, who was in charge of the greatest rugby team of all time—the British Lions in New Zealand in 1971. He was also in his day at Llanelli the finest wizard at outside-half. Nevertheless, this great Welsh team between 1968 and 1979, which demolished England so easily, was a great team in spite of its weaknesses. When, for example, they last beat England at Twickenham, the match was won by the genius of one player: Gareth Edwards. In those delightful comedies played at Cardiff over the years it has been the talent of Barry John, Gareth Edwards, Phil Bennett, Gerald Davies, J. P. R. Williams, J. J. Williams and Roberts that has torn England apart.

The case has been that in many of these sad events—for England that is—the English forwards have been superior. In the jargon, Wales have usually had 40 per cent ball and have always won. Yet all the time, for reasons which have mystified even the partisan, the virtue of the ball has been thrown away. There have been English backs—I trust they are in museums—who have kicked the ball to Barry John, to J. P. R. Williams, to Gerald Davies, to Phil Bennett. Watching, we would say to each other, has the English middle class a chance when their emblems exhibit such idiocy?

What Wales were really doing was just picking spectacular talent and letting them enjoy themselves. The English were beguiled into supposing that some new trick was abroad—rather, I guess, as the Japanese and Germans made better cars—which they should imitate, instead of picking some sharp boys and giving them a run and turning a blind eye to their mistakes for a while. The inability to show that confidence in themselves and their players is no doubt an expression of the cultural, perhaps national problem.

Alec Waugh wrote 50 years ago: "An international at Twickenham is more than a mere spectacle. It is an immense family party. It is the gathering of the clan." That clan Ivor Brown defined as the Forsytes. At the ground's 50th anniversary in 1959, I described "at Waterloo the flat caps, the duffle coats, the accents that mark a man from Kuala Lumpur to Salisbury, all moving, the middle-class masses, towards platform 19; in the car park the Bentleys and the TR3s; and along the touchline the screaming boys in blazers and in the stands the men with unmistakable faces and the pretty women in camel hair coats: how did the middle-classes manage for a Twickenham before Twickenham was built?"

What I would like to think is that the English team will take my message and not so long be distracted by the fresh guile of the Welsh. That, very simply, they should recognize that history has brought Wales and England closer together than ever in terms of economy and trade and that really all they need to do is bear in mind that rugby football is a delight for players and that a delight for players can entrance a multitude. The incomparable excitement of the sidestep, the flashing break, the tackle at the corner-flag, the punt that teases and all the electricity of the gifted showing their paces—which once the English did, but lately only the Welsh have done—is what the lover of the game would now like to see.

Not for a moment would I suggest that an English victory against the Welsh would be a good thing. Were, though, the English to use some wit and gaiety in their play as they did when Twickenham was built, if they would just encourage fine men to give themselves a chance, then it might suggest, if a game is not just a game, that there is some small hope for the English, one way and another

The Lemba Lady of western Cyprus

Important first excavations of prehistoric sites in west Cyprus have revealed in settlements and cemeteries the first evidence of human occupation, dating from about 3000 BC.

Dr E. J. Peltenburg, of Edinburgh University, is Director of the Lemba Archaeological Project; here he describes this work.

Many archaeological searches in Cyprus have had to change their location and emphasis as a result of the 1974 fighting there. Consequently, unforeseen new chapters, especially those concerned with the island's prehistory, are emerging and these are dramatically altering our understanding of early developments in the east Mediterranean. One such investigation, at a cluster of sites around the village of Lemba, near Paphos, is concerned with the excavations of hitherto untouched prehistoric settlements in the west of the island. Remarkable discoveries there are dispelling the notion that the region was, except for the atypical period of Roman occupation, always backward and poverty-stricken.

Suggestions that something unusual had occurred there in remote antiquity were forthcoming from the numbers of blue and green steatite (soapstone), cruciform figurines in museums and private collections. But little was known of the people associated with these distinctive figures since, apart from Professor Dikaios's work at Erimi, in the south, in 1933-35 (*The Illustrated London News*, December 23, 1933) no settlement of the period assumed to be contemporary with such figures has been exposed. This was the time of the Great Pyramids in Egypt and it is one that witnessed the appearance of metalwork in the island whose very name was to become synonymous with copper, so there were other good reasons for repairing the omission.

In 1976, after a preliminary survey of the region, the Cyprus Department of Antiquities kindly granted the required licence to enable us to carry out excavations at Lemba, where during pipe-laying work an elegant spouted flask of previously unknown type had been recovered. Since then a team of about 20 has returned each summer with the generous support of many organizations, in particular the British Academy, the British Museum, the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem and the Carnegie Trust for the Universities of Scotland. In Cyprus the Episkopi Garrison provided us with vital equipment. This became all the more necessary as we realized that to



The carved limestone figure of the "Lemba Lady" discovered in west Cyprus.

explain the extraordinary density of Erimi-stage settlements (and so presumably of population around Lemba) we would have to extend operations to excavate a number of sites. One of these, the most enigmatic, proved to be the earliest of a sequence.

Eroding from the edges of trackway cuttings beside the Mediterranean at Mylouthkia, some 2.5 kilometres north of Lemba, were pits with large quantities of bone and shell. Since these materials were scarce at Lemba a small-scale excavation was begun here in 1976. This inauspicious exercise eventually led to the recovery of many large pits containing some metal, figurines, animal-shaped vessels, wastage from stone bowl-making and red ochre crushing, carbonized quantities of wild and cultivated plants, many fallow deer bones and, in one pit, disarticulated

remains of two bodies, apparently unceremoniously thrown in.

Such pits could be interpreted as refuse dumps for a settlement, but they are so close together that little room is available for buildings—indeed, we found no traces of structures. Moreover, the pits, some up to 16 metres in length and 2.50 metres deep, vary in shape and function. Some were used as fire pits, others to deposit a specific group of products. Perhaps such purposeful dumping reflects above-ground functions carried out seasonally at Mylouthkia, for debris levels were repeatedly separated by water-laid silt, probably from the sides of the pits.

The pottery which also attracted us to this site showed few affinities with that from Lemba, and did not fit in with earlier material. Radiocarbon assays dated Mylouthkia to about

3650-3400 BC. This was highly significant for two reasons. First, apart from a suspicion of earlier brief occupation at the site of Mosphilia near by, one that has no successor in western Cyprus, our surveys have yielded nothing that is older than Mylouthkia. Second, it belongs to a 600-year gap in the island's prehistory, between the abandonment of thriving neolithic villages to the east and the subsequent Erimi and Lemba sites. It seems therefore that the west was colonized during this now much reduced gap; the pottery from Mylouthkia also suggests that such a movement came from eastern Cyprus. Despite the absence of evidence for buildings, this Dark Age was evidently rich, with the advent of new art styles and metalwork.

Scrutiny of the pottery that littered fields immediately under a plateau overlooking the coastal plain at Lemba revealed that the site was of the same period as Erimi. There were differences between coastal and inland sectors of the site. Two excavation areas were therefore opened to try to resolve these pottery differences. Prehistoric buildings were found everywhere at or just below the present cultivated surfaces.

In the coastal area are small circular buildings, their walls mere spreads of pebbles and *pisé*, a local mud mixture. Central post platforms indicated that they were once roofed and consecutive replastering of the floors showed that they were occupied for extended periods. In one, traces of paint occurred on plaster, in another there were more than 120 objects, a plinth for three vessels and one small jar containing red ochre, familiar to us from the grinding implements at Mylouthkia. Underneath most buildings were circular hollows, one retaining ledges and perhaps post-holes. Evidently, settlement here involved first hollows and then poor, roofed structures. Some of the distinctive red monochrome pottery had blackened and highly polished interiors and rims. It was otherwise undecorated except for a remarkable fragmentary flask with relief eyes, the first from Cyprus.

Much more substantial buildings survived at the inland sector of the site but the same tradition, now assured of itself, was maintained. These circular buildings are up to 9 metres in diameter and have cement-hard post platforms, as well as subsidiary posts for the heavier roofs. Traces of the latter were found as ash inside the buildings since these had been destroyed by fire. Many furnishings, including containers, seals, counters, figurines and cutting and grinding implements were found *in situ*. Unlike the smaller buildings these were devoted to a specific function such as butchering animals or grinding grain, so there was evolution in society as well as in the architecture. As only some of the buildings could have been

houses, we still have no clear idea how populous was the settlement.

Both pottery and radiocarbon dating indicate a chronological gap between the two sectors of the Lemba site. While some newly found timber buildings may help to fill it, the most likely interpretation at present is that we have a favoured locality to which people returned intermittently between about 3200 and 2500 BC. This would help to account for the proliferation of small sites of the period, though clearly others were occupied for prolonged periods.

One of the substantial Lemba buildings had its interior divided into two rooms, probably by a reed partition. Contents were piled 0.15 metres high in the destruction debris on a paved floor. A modern irrigation channel had cut down to a collapsed storage jar which fortunately sealed and so protected a limestone figure that was the most exceptional item of this well-equipped structure. This figure lay on its back at the juncture of the screen and wall, so there is no certainty about its original position. But as this "Lemba Lady" is not self-supporting it must have been propped up or suspended on a wall or from the roof.

Though nothing like this carved limestone figure has been excavated before in Cyprus, its elongated neck, facial features and outstretched arms duplicate many of the small steatite pendants which first aroused our interest in this region; it suggests that the pendants were copied from larger works of art. Here then is something of the background of these enigmatic cruciform figurines at last. Little else in the way of finds distinguishes the context of this stylized hermaphrodite, so it would be premature to speak of the building in which it was revealed as a shrine. Other limestone figures, like our "Ugly Sister", are smaller and much coarser in finish.

More information on the cruciform steatite figurines is available from other sites of this cluster. The familiar rigid expression can be seen to represent merely one episode in the lengthy history of the style. It begins with more loosely defined figures at Mylouthkia and finishes in the last buildings at Lemba with a variety of forms. One, from a burial, is typical of the rigid class which may have been reserved for mortuary purposes. Unlike this one, many lack sexual attributes, and though the majority are female there is at least one undoubted male, and he has "arms" with cross-hatched decoration. This original and inventive art is typical of the west and it bears witness to the innovating aspect of the culture that flourished there.

Steatite is locally available in the Troodos foothills, near Lemba, and it was also used for a whole series of pendants, beads and animal figures. Unpierced beads, raw nuggets and slivers attest to the production of items in the Lemba cluster and no doubt its extraction in raw form in the adjacent



Above, from left to right: steatite figurine from a burial at Lemba; limestone figure from Lemba; steatite figurine from Kissonerga Mylouthkia; and male steatite figurine from Kissonerga Mylouthkia. Left, view of a site at Lemba.



A grave at Lemba; dense concentrations of graves were found in this area.

hills and its transportation to the sites. Even though we have not found workshops, it seems likely that the Lemba cluster of sites was a centre of production of this highly desired material.

As we have already seen, at Mylouthkia, copper artefacts appear at the same time as this heightened interest in steatite. More advanced pieces, like a chisel from Lemba, show that its use was on a continuous basis.

It is not yet possible to say where this copper came from but, as Dr Slater, of Glasgow University, has shown, its composition is simple and could be derived from native ores. The beginnings of metalwork in Cyprus therefore are much earlier than was previously thought and any discussion of its origins must now consider the involvement of these communities and the contemporary exploitation of steatites.

Only three burials in shallow pits were recovered from Erimi, the other main excavated settlement of the period, so it was surprising to find dense concentrations of burials in some areas at Lemba. These were mainly of children laid on their right sides, their heads usually facing east. But occasionally we found fragments of other bodies included in the small pits or merely the skull of a child deliberately fixed into a clay bank; an incomplete pit had its floor recessed for the skull alone. An unorthodox burial beside the building containing the "Lemba Lady" was placed on his back and faced west; under him is a circular shaft 2 metres deep, still being excavated.

The design of some of these graves included small holes which led from the floors above to the grave pits below, by-passing the cover slabs of the pits. A more elaborate instance of this feature had as an arch over the obliquely slanting hole an inverted quernstone. Where such links between the living and the dead occur elsewhere, libations to the dead are often quoted as a motive. Further evidence for similar relations between the living and the dead is in the location of four burials precisely under the wall of one building.

An attempted reoccupation of the burnt buildings of Lemba proved unsuccessful and most if not all sites of west Cyprus were also now abandoned. Elsewhere the Bronze Age had begun, but there are few traces of its early representatives in the west. The last pottery from Lemba is thin-walled and has intentional fire-controlled two-tone effects that herald subsequent styles. We have no idea at present who the successors were or if there ensued a period of depopulation in the west, but if the evidence of Lemba is at all typical then the end of this culture which flourished c 3750-2500 BC involved the destruction of settlements.

The mountebank dictator

by Robert Blake

Napoleon III and Eugénie

by Jasper Ridley

Constable, £12.50

Weak, wealthy, womanizing, with a past both mysterious and discreditable, a poor speaker, devoid of original ideas, surrounded by toadies and flatterers, his sole assets inheritance of a vast fortune and a great name... Is this a contemporary candidate for the US presidency? It could be, but in fact the description applies equally well to Louis Napoleon, the subject, along with his wife, of Jasper Ridley's long, excellent, scholarly and most readable biography. Historians, who usually come from the middle or upper class, are often at a loss to explain how it is that charlatans of mediocre quality or worse can rise to the top in politics, not merely by military force, which is easy to understand, but by popular acclaim. But Louis Napoleon, Mussolini and Hitler, all of whom had overwhelming public support, did not get where they did by appealing to the sort of people who write history. The scholars, writers and intellectuals hated them with very good reason. More dangerously, they underestimated them.

The classic case is Louis Napoleon himself. When in a moment of fatal folly the French Assembly in 1848 decided to have a President elected by popular vote and not by the Legislature, the possibility of a Bonapartist restoration clearly existed. Accordingly, an amendment was moved on October 9 to exclude members of former ruling families. All eyes turned on Louis Napoleon who was a member of the Assembly. He mounted the tribune and made a speech of such feebleness that the mover of the amendment withdrew it describing it amid general laughter as superfluous "after what we have seen and heard". Two months later Louis Napoleon was elected President with five and a half million votes against his nearest rival's one and a half million. The poet Lamartine, principal proponent of presidency by popular vote, got 18,000.

History suggests that in most of the world for most of the time "the people" do not in the least mind government by crooks, sadists, lunatics, tyrants and play-actors; until it brings national disaster which, oddly enough, it by no means always does, though it did to France in 1870. Nor can one underestimate the power of a name. Mrs Gandhi, although her premiership was the subject of one of the most damning reports ever written, has made an astounding recovery. If Edward Kennedy secures the Democratic nomination, the family name will be the only reason. Louis Napoleon had the asset of a greater name than either of these

and also of a spurious legitimism. If, as every Bonapartist firmly believed, the Act of the Senate of 1804 had settled the French succession for all time, Louis Napoleon actually was Emperor of the French. Once he became Prince President it could not be long before he claimed his inheritance. But his rise to President was not the result of talent. De Tocqueville, who served under him as Minister of Foreign Affairs and was one of the shrewdest observers of the scene, wrote: "It was his stupidity rather than his good sense which, in the circumstances, brought him success. For the world is a strange theatre in which sometimes the worst plays succeed best. If Louis Napoleon had been a wise man or a genius he would never have become President of the Republic."

"The first mountebank dictator", as Sir Lewis Namier described him in a brilliant essay, was by the standards of most dictators relatively moderate. He was by nature kindly and soft-hearted. His advisers thought him too ready to pardon those who plotted against him ("pardon" of course usually meant Devil's Island instead of execution). He even wished to let off Count Orsini whose Birmingham-made bombs killed eight people and wounded or blinded another 156 in an unsuccessful attempt to blow up the Emperor and Empress in 1858. In the end Louis Napoleon had second thoughts and Orsini was publicly guillotined at dawn in a snow storm.

Even if the despot was humane and fitfully enlightened, the Second Empire was unquestionably a despotism in which freedom of assembly, the Press, speech and writing were suppressed with the aid of a ubiquitous secret police relying on a sub-world of spies and informers.

In 1852 the Emperor fell passionately in love with the Spanish Eugénie del Montijo, Countess of Teba. She was not of royal blood but she was far from being a jumped-up parvenue. No doubt the Emperor would have preferred to make her his mistress but, although it is most unlikely that she ever said to him, as alleged, that the road to her bed went past the altar, the fact was true. Naturally there was much Parisian grumbling about a *mésalliance*. But, as Mr Ridley writes, "It would have seemed strange to the Ajaccio solicitor, Carlo Buonaparte, who had died within living memory, that the world should think his grandson was demeaning himself by marrying a Grandee of Spain." Born in 1826 she survived much tragedy and lived for half a century after Sedan. It is strange to think that one of her godsons, the present Earl Haig, is only 61 years old.

Mr Ridley pays generous tribute to the late Harold Kurtz's life of the Empress but his own book, based as it is on immense research, is likely to remain for many years the most authoritative account of this strange couple.

Recent fiction

by Ian Stewart

Sleepless Days

by Jurek Becker

Secker & Warburg, £4.95

Party Games

by Hans Hellmut Kirst

Collins, £5.50

The Roses of Picardie

by Simon Raven

Blond & Briggs, £6.95

Sleepless Days is an appropriate title for a novel about a man frightened of being left alone with his thoughts, for whom the endless introspection of the day is as disturbing as are his dreams at night. Such a one is Karl Simrock, the East German teacher in Jurek Becker's novel, who finds himself rebelling against the moral and intellectual repression of a totalitarian régime. I think this emphasis on the moral or spiritual is the right one, for all that Simrock's story may be seen as a personal metaphor for social and political problems, because Becker has anchored it firmly in the individual's torment of mind and soul. We can identify with the onset of Simrock's perplexity and his search for a new moral framework because it follows the shock of his first intimation of mortality—apparent heart disease. We can share not only his sense that the years remaining to him are constantly diminishing but also his fear that those years will add nothing of significance. We can see how this crisis of self-analysis drives him to reject the destructive charade of his marriage and to seek fulfilment with another woman, and how his faith in his journey of self-discovery is undermined, though not destroyed, when it seems that this woman, Antonia Kramm, has taken advantage of their relationship to try to escape into Austria.

Simrock's sleepless days are spent in relentless self-examination. At school he questions the conformist and deadening effect of the instruction given, defies the hypocritical ambivalence of the authorities' attitude to the "voluntary" attendance by students at the May Day rally, is interviewed by the cryptically sinister vice-principal and is eventually sacked, though not before he has prepared himself for this eventuality by taking on a manual job in a bakery during the vacation. He makes notes on how the ideal teacher should go about his work, reflects on the dangers of being too concerned with the development of one's own personality, but also on the individual's responsibility to himself to rebel against regimentation and injustice.

Becker gives one the feeling of being locked up in the mind of Karl Simrock, in a chamber which is itself a maze of questions, doubts, resolutions and perceptions. We are most conscious of the

tension when it is suddenly relieved, as when he sits in a classroom waiting in vain for his students to come and hear how he proposes to change his teaching, and finally gives up exclaiming "That's enough analysis." We may be inclined to agree but it is undoubtedly the note of anxious self-questioning that gives this novel its lyrical intensity.

From the Communist régime of contemporary East Germany to the incipient Nazism of the 1930s. If this seems a jump back into a remote past it cannot be only because, as the hero of Hans Hellmut Kirst's novel remarks in an epilogue, we are anxious to forget it. Present-day realities intrude, as Jurek Becker reminds us. Kirst's reputation rests on his unique position as a novelistic recorder of the German army during and just after the Second World War. *Party Games* is a tragic farce illustrating the impact of the Nazis' seizure of power on a small East Prussian town in 1933. Faced with the bullying tactics of Party officials and storm-troopers the solid citizens of Gilgenrode, its businessmen, hoteliers and innkeepers, have to decide whether to join the Hitlerite bandwagon, resist it openly or by more subtle methods, or just wait and see. Konrad Breibach, whose family business is saddle making, seeks to obstruct the Nazis by joining the party and subverting the authority of its officials. His almost irresistible rise to the top is attended by broad human comedy and by violence.

It is possible we should see in the lives of Breibach and Count von der Schulenburg, who helps him up the ladder, a defence of those Germans who tried and failed to stop Hitler. What does emerge clearly is the instinct for self-preservation, though this is only one feature of a lively and convincing portrait of human fallibility.

Simon Raven's *The Roses of Picardie*, subtitled "a romance", is a fantastic, erotic and exciting chronicle about the fatal attraction of a necklace of rubies looted during the first crusade, after which it passed into the family of the Comtes de la Tour d'Abbeville. The jewels hold a curse: though their owners will be rich and famous, they will also be subject to nasty accidents, ailments or sudden death. In the 19th century the necklace came into the possession of a Huguenot family and disappeared. In our own day, following the murder of the Count's heir, two people suddenly become interested in finding the necklace: Jacquiz Helmut, a disappointed don yearning to be acclaimed for something, and whose wife is descended from the Huguenot family, and Balbo Blakeney, an unsuccessful, aristocratic scientist living in Crete, for whom the search begins in the abandoned Roman city of Nikopolis. On this improbable base Mr Raven has constructed an absorbing tale, learnedly documented and with a strong dash of *guignol*, in which the quest is pursued in Italy and France. This is high-class escapism.

Through the Zodiac

Who has not heard of "the signs of the Zodiac"? Names such as Aries, Taurus and Gemini are known to most people, and in the days when astrology was ranked as a true science the Zodiac was of great importance. Yet many people fail to realize what the Zodiac actually is.

Because the Earth moves round the Sun in a period of one year, the Sun seems to travel right round the sky in that time. The apparent yearly path of the Sun among the stars is known as the ecliptic. Obviously you cannot see the Sun and the stars at the same time (except during the fleeting moments of a total solar eclipse), but the position of the Sun in the constellations for any time can be worked out. The Zodiac is a band extending to 8° on either side of the ecliptic, and it is here that the Moon and the bright planets are to be found.

The reason for this is that the paths or orbits of the planets are not sharply inclined to that of the Earth, so that the planets may be seen only in certain directions (the only exception to the rule is Pluto, which is much too faint to be seen with the naked eye; it was discovered as recently as 1930 and may not be worthy to be classed as a proper planet). Draw a plan of the Solar System on a flat piece of paper and you are not far wrong. The orbital inclination is 7° for Mercury, 3° for Venus, and less than this value for the rest. This is a great help in identifying the planets. For instance, if you happen to see a bright, star-like object added to the pattern of the Great Bear, you may rest assured that it is not a planet as the Great Bear lies in the far north of the sky, well away from the Zodiac.

During its yearly wanderings the Sun spends six months in the northern hemisphere of the sky and six months in the southern. This means that it must cross the celestial equator twice, once around March 22 when moving from south to north (spring or vernal equinox) and again around September 22 when moving from north to south (autumnal equinox). Therefore on these dates the Sun must be exactly on the equator. When the constellation patterns were first worked out the spring equinox lay in Aries (the Ram) and is therefore known as the First Point of Aries, while the autumnal equinox was situated in the obscure constellation of Libra (the Scales or Balance). This is no longer true. Because of an effect termed precession the positions of the poles and equator of the sky change slightly over the years and this must affect the positions of the equinoxes, so that by now the First Point of Aries has been shifted into the adjacent constellation of Pisces (the Fishes), while the First Point of Libra is now in Virgo (the Virgin).

This means that the astrological signs of the Zodiac are now out of step with the actual constellations, but the

result is not important except to those credulous enough to believe in astrology. Let us consider the Zodiacal constellations one by one.

They are 12 in number and are unequal in size and brightness. It is important to remember, at the outset, that the stars in any particular constellation are not genuinely associated with each other; they simply happen to lie in much the same direction as seen from Earth, so that what we term a constellation is nothing more than a line of sight effect. To say that the planet Mars is "in" Aries is as logical as holding up a finger at arm's-length, aligning it with a distant cloud, and saying that your finger is "in" the cloud. Moreover, the constellation patterns we use are quite arbitrary. They are of Greek origin; if we had happened to follow, say, the Chinese or the Egyptian system, our patterns would be entirely different.

Aries, the Ram, is still regarded as the first constellation of the Zodiac, though strictly speaking it should now be the second. It is not a very prominent group; it may be found below the line of stars in Andromeda, leading off from the famous Square of Pegasus. Aries is recognizable because of three moderately prominent stars close together. The brightest of them, Hamal, is about equal to the Pole Star; it is rather orange in colour and is 76 light-years away. (One light-year is equal to 5,880,000 million miles: the distance travelled by light in one year.) The faintest of the three main stars in Aries, Mesartim, is a double. Seen through a telescope it appears as two exactly equal stars, so close together that to the naked eye they appear as one.

Taurus, the Bull, is much more prominent. It is conspicuous in the evening sky throughout winter and is easy to locate. The leading star, Aldebaran, is of the first magnitude—that is to say, one of the brightest stars in the sky—and lies in line with the three stars of Orion's Belt; it is strongly orange in colour and is 165 times as luminous as the Sun. But the glory of the Bull lies in its open star-clusters: the Hyades, which extend in a V-formation from Aldebaran, and the lovely Pleiades or Seven Sisters, which cannot be mistaken. At first glance the Pleiades group looks like a hazy mass, but keen-eyed people can detect more than half a dozen separate stars, and binoculars will show many more. The Pleiades cluster is a genuine system, more than 400 light-years away.

Gemini, the Twins, is another splendid group, seen to advantage during winter evenings. Here, the two leading stars are Castor and Pollux. In mythology Castor and Pollux were twin youths; Pollux was immortal while Castor was not. When Castor was killed in battle Pollux pleaded to be allowed to share his immortality with his brother so that both were placed in

the sky. Today Pollux is appreciably the brighter of the two though astronomers of several thousand years ago ranked Castor as the senior. Castor is a multiple system, made up of four bright stars and two faint ones. Gemini contains one other prominent star, Alhena, between the Twins and Orion, and the constellation is crossed by the Milky Way, so that it is very rich.

Cancer, the Crab, is much less conspicuous, but is not difficult to find, because it lies between Castor and Pollux on one side and Leo on the other. There are no bright stars and no distinctive pattern, but there is one glorious open star-cluster, Praesepe or the Beehive, which is clearly visible with the naked eye on a dark night and is a fine sight with binoculars.

Leo, the Lion, is best seen during spring evenings here. It is a splendid group, recognizable because of the curved line of the so-called Sickle, shaped rather like the mirror image of a question-mark. The leading star in the Sickle is Regulus, of the first magnitude, which is 170 times as powerful as the Sun; also in the Sickle is the second-magnitude Algibea, a fine binary separable with a small telescope. In a binary the two components are genuinely associated and are moving round their common centre of gravity; with Algibea the revolution period is 407 years, and one member of the pair is decidedly brighter than the other. The rest of Leo consists of a prominent triangle of stars, one of which, Denebola, was originally classed as being of the first magnitude but is now below the second, so that it may have faded over the past 2,000 years though the evidence is inconclusive.

Virgo, the Virgin, is crossed by the celestial equator so that the Sun lies in Virgo during much of September. The leading star, Spica, is of the first magnitude; it is hot and white, with a luminosity 1,800 times that of the Sun. Virgo is one of the largest constellations in the sky and is readily identifiable because of its Y-pattern; the "bow" of the Y opens toward Denebola in Leo. Arich, at the top of the "stalk" of the Y, is a splendid binary with equal components. The revolution period of the pair is 180 years, and the apparent separation of the two is less now than it used to be several decades ago. By the end of the century Arich will appear single except with giant telescopes—not because the two components have genuinely closed up but because we will be seeing them from an unfavourable angle so that one member will be almost behind the other.

Libra, the Scales or Balance, is the only Zodiacal constellation named after an inanimate object, but it used to be Chelae Scorpionis (the Scorpion's Claws). The three leading stars, of between the third and fourth magnitudes, form a triangle, but there is little

of interest here to the casual observer.

Scorpius, the Scorpion, less accurately known as Scorpio, is a truly magnificent constellation and one of the few to give some impression of the creature it is meant to represent. It is made up of a long line of bright stars, ending in a quadrilateral which makes up the "sting". The leader is Antares, a vast red supergiant star big enough to hold the entire path of the Earth round the Sun. It is more than 500 light-years away, and is identifiable both because of its brightness and its strong colour (Antares means the rival of Ares or Mars). Moreover, it is flanked on either side by a fainter star. Scorpius is crossed by the Milky Way and is exceptionally rich, but unfortunately it is always inconveniently low down as seen from Britain and the "sting" barely rises at all. Scorpius is best seen during evenings in early summer, when Antares rises high enough to be conspicuous.

Sagittarius, the Archer, is the southernmost of the Zodiacal constellations and does not wholly rise from Britain. Look for it low over the southern horizon during summer. There are several bright stars but no really identifiable shape, though some people have compared Sagittarius to a teapot! This is one of the very richest parts of the Milky Way, and the superb star-clouds indicate the direction of the centre of our star-system or Galaxy.

Capricornus, the Sea-goat, adjoins Sagittarius, but is barren and obscure with only two stars as bright as the third magnitude. One of these, Al Giedi, is a double; the components are wide enough to be separated with the naked eye, and each is again double.

Aquarius, the Water-bearer, is also obscure and rather formless. It lies between the Square of Pegasus and the bright, isolated southern star Fomalhaut in Piscis Australis (the Southern Fish). It covers a considerable area of the sky and is to be seen in the south during evenings in autumn.

Pisces, the Fishes, completes the list, but has little of interest; it consists of a long line of faint stars lying below the Square of Pegasus.

It is worth adding that a thirteenth constellation, Ophiuchus (the Serpent-bearer), intrudes into the Zodiac between Scorpius and Sagittarius, so that planets may move into it; Neptune, for example, is in Ophiuchus now.

Though the Zodiac has no real astronomical significance many fascinating legends are attached to it; the old star-gazers who drew up the constellation patterns were nothing if not imaginative, and it has been said that the sky is a vast picture-book. It is always worthwhile to go outdoors and identify the various groups—from the clusters of Taurus to the magnificent star-clouds of Sagittarius and even the dim stars which mark out the Crab, the Scales and the celestial Fishes.

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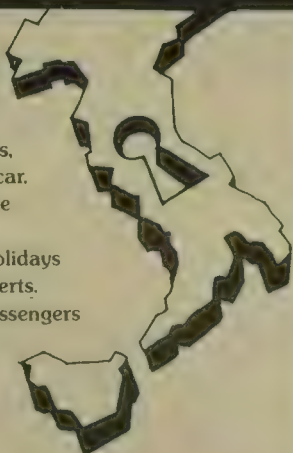
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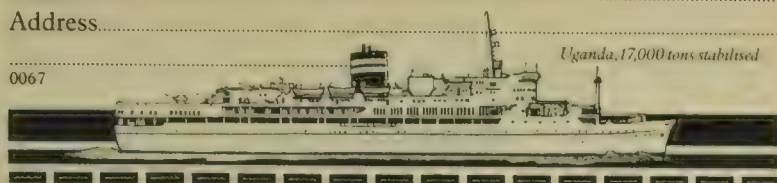


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Nostalgia at sea

Nostalgia is becoming one of Britain's few growth industries, not least in the leisure market. From preserved railways to Edwardian music-hall evenings and from television programmes about life in Imperial India to Elizabethan banquets in appropriate settings, the volume of it all is astonishing. Although the British India shipping line, part of the P & O group, might raise an eyebrow at the suggestion, I am sure that at least part of the success of their Discovery Cruises on the *ss Uganda* is due to this vogue for bygone days.

The ship itself is more than a quarter of a century old with a spaciousness and a décor—some of it at any rate—that reflects an even earlier period, the 1930s, when travel was a less frenetic experience than all too often it is today.

Very well built as a passenger-cargo liner of 17,000 tons to serve the East Africa via Suez route, the ship was extensively altered, re-equipped and overhauled in the late 1960s to become a cruise vessel. In the refurbishing many cabins were air-conditioned and more showers and lavatories were added to them.

Fortunately much of the decoration in the public rooms was retained and has been kept in remarkably good condition. The large, wood-panelled smoking-room (complete with two great elephant tusks presented by the Kabaka of Buganda), spacious dining-room with murals depicting London and Mombasa, and a peaceful reading-room (full marks for the comprehensive library) reflect the past in the best possible way.

The service was, with a couple of minor exceptions, exemplary. The cabin and table staff, almost all Bengali, have a desire to please that is as touching as it is genuine. My cabin steward gently chided me for cleaning my shoes myself, telling me that I should not concern myself with such menial tasks! Our young table waiter could not do enough for his eight passengers even if at times he got the orders a bit confused.

Life on board was lively enough, without the afflictions of the almost non-stop action found on some of the largest cruise ships. The 300 adult passengers had plenty of room to move about—or even to hide in numerous corners if the mood took them—and there was the usual round of shipboard activities such as the crew's concert, a gala dinner, deck games, recorded classical music, bridge tournaments, bingo, dancing, films and visits to the bridge.

This is a cruise ship with a difference. On each voyage up to 950 school-children, either from one area or from many parts of Britain with a sprinkling from abroad, are on board. Accommodated in dormitories, they have their own staff, dining-room, sports deck, swimming-pool, recreation areas and lecture theatre, which



The 17,000-ton BI Discovery Cruise ship *Uganda*; and her dining saloon.

doubles up as a cinema. The youngsters are kept apart from the adult passengers and you are hardly aware of their presence—unless you choose to attend their lectures.

I joined the *Uganda* at Palma, Majorca, for the second half of its 14-day voyage from Southampton. We called at Gibraltar and Vigo and on the outward journey a day had been spent at Lisbon. It was a pleasant, relaxing week even though the rolling waves off Cape Finisterre made me queasy. The food was of good quality, more than plentiful, though less imaginative than I had remembered from a similar voyage some seven years previously. But I can recommend the hearty breakfasts and the spicy curries; and the gala dinner was superb. My cabin was comfortable although with two it would not have been quite so roomy.

My fellow passengers were mainly middle-aged and middle-class with a scattering of younger people. Many were on their fifth, sixth or even 16th *Uganda* cruise. It is not a ship for the swinging set (of any age) and I would not recommend it for young children.

From May to September the *Uganda* is based in Britain, sailing from Southampton and Tilbury or Glasgow

and Dundee, cruising in northern waters (including the Baltic, the fjords and North Cape) as well as to Portugal, Spain, the Canaries and Madeira. During the rest of the year she stays in the eastern and central Mediterranean operating from ports such as Venice, Malta, Piraeus and Naples to which her passengers fly from Britain. Some cruises have themes such as painting or historical subjects with guest lecturers.

Here are two examples. On July 21 it sails from Tilbury for the Baltic calling at Visby on Gotland, Stockholm, Helsinki (a full day here), Leningrad and a final stop at Copenhagen before returning to Southampton on August 3. The rates are from £522 to £1,099. In the late autumn passengers will fly to Venice on October 22 to join the ship there. It calls at the beautiful Yugoslav island of Korcula, then Alexandria (for Cairo and the Pyramids), north through the Aegean to Istanbul and returning via the island of Khios and Heraklion in Crete to Naples for the flight home. Taking 14 days (13 nights) in all, the cost includes flights from and to London (Gatwick) and is from £522 to £1,099. On all *Uganda* cruises most

shore excursions are included in the basic price.

Details of the *Uganda*'s 1980 programme (to March, 1981) are obtainable from BI Discovery Cruises, Beaufort House, St Botolph Street, London EC3A 7DX or travel agents.

Here is a selection of cruises for the coming months.

Caribbean Treasure. Fly to Miami, board the *Veendam* (Holland America) for the Virgin Islands, Martinique, Barbados, Aruba and Guadeloupe. 17 days in all including two nights in Miami. Regular departures. From London £948-£2,162.

Atlantic Islands. The *Mikhail Lermontov*, Russian-owned, leaves Tilbury on May 24 for Madeira, Las Palmas, Tenerife, Gibraltar, Tangier and Lisbon. 15 days (14 nights), £275-£725.

Midnight Sun. Join the *Queen Elizabeth 2* at Southampton on July 1 for the Norwegian Fjords, Trondheim, North Cape, Narvik and Bergen. 12 days, £695-£2,570.

Around the British Isles. The *Orpheus* (Epirotiki on charter to Swan Hellenic) leaves Southampton on July 17 for Dover, Hull (for York and Hadrian's Wall), Leith (for Edinburgh), Orkney, Shetland, Lewis, Inverewe (for the gardens), Galway, Glengarriff, Cork, Waterford, Holyhead (for North Wales), Scilly Isles and Guernsey, returns July 31. Six guest lecturers, many excursions. One of the best summer cruises; £550-£1,095.

The New World. Board *Oriana* (P & O) at Southampton on August 16 and head for New York, Boston, Montreal, Quebec and Corner Brook (Newfoundland) arriving back September 7. A 22-night cruise including the superb St Lawrence River; £744-£2,615.

Autumn in the Med. *Canberra* (P & O) leaves Southampton on September 14 and heads for Palamos (Costa Brava), Alghero (Sardinia) Cannes and Palma (Majorca) returning on September 26. Numerous excursions at all ports; £404-£1,233.

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UN 1

The best of Corfu

Many a long year ago I drove with two companions towards the north-east corner of Corfu, heading along the coast road past Pirgi and Nissakion and then travelling inland as the road started to climb towards the top right-hand tip of our map. The map was imprecise about the quality of the road's surface, but it showed that a road existed. The reality proved—not for the first time in Corfu, and certainly not for the last—how unwise it is to rely on the map.

The road petered out. We abandoned our car and walked to the top of the slope. There we encountered terse notices, a barbed-wire barrier and a pair of armed soldiers to show that we had strayed into a military zone. A forbidden bit of Corfu, overlooking the narrow channel separating the island from Albania. We retreated and drove back to the coast.

I was back on Corfu again towards the end of last summer and two incidents reminded me of that occasion. The first was when my host took me to dinner at a taverna which stands at the roadside between Ipsos and Pirgi and I recognized it as the one in which we had lunched so long ago on our return from the above adventure. It was a taverna, like so many on Corfu, dispensing traditional island fare to locals and tourists alike—*dzadziki* and *kalamarakia*, generous salads with white *feta* cheese and black olives, red mullet and sardines, skewered veal and lamb.

Although there are some high-quality hotels on the island, with restaurants that should satisfy most people's requirements, I have always felt that the best kind of holiday in any part of Greece is one that leaves you free to sample the local tavernas. Holidaymakers who remain within the confines of their hotel grounds are, in my view, missing the best of Corfu.

In this respect, I recall with particular pleasure a journey made to the far south of the island, along an indifferent road, to the town of Kavos, where there are a number of tavernas beside the beach. Of these, the Taverna Naftis (The Sailor) became my favourite, because of its good food and wine and the personality of its owner, Mr Evangelos Pandis. A former merchant seaman, he has built up a good business since leaving the sea. When I last saw him he was supervising the construction of rooms above his establishment. These are available for rent (through OSL, the villa people) and would be ideal for anyone seeking a holiday away from the main tourist centres.

Pleasant though Kavos is, I do not think I could confine myself to that southern part of the island for the whole duration of my holiday. I would certainly need personal transport to take me into Corfu town and to other parts of the island. One of the draw-



Vlakherena, with its late 17th-century convent, is one of two islands off Kanoni on the Paleopolis peninsula.

backs of Corfu, as elsewhere in Greece, is the high cost of car hire. On my last visit I hired a tiny Fiat for just one day and, even with a 10 per cent discount on the published rates, paid £24. There are, however, many scooter and moped hire companies around Corfu which provide a cheaper alternative and reflect a demand from price-conscious visitors.

I mentioned at the beginning that two incidents during my last visit brought back memories of that first abortive attempt to reach the north-east corner of Corfu. The second was when I found myself driving that tiny Fiat along the very same road, half-expecting to find the barrier and the soldiers. But they are there no longer and nothing prevents the tourist driving over the high ground to Kassiopi and the north coast. I spent part of my time showing this area to a friend who has visited Corfu on two or three occasions yet has never ventured inland off the beaten track. I wonder how many others stay in their resort hotel, venturing only into Corfu town for some shopping, and think they have seen the real beauty of the island.

My advice to anyone taking a holiday in Corfu would be to hire a small car or a scooter, buy the best map you can find and set off in the hope that it will have some connexion with the topography. You are bound literally to run out of road and the advantage of doing so is that you will make contact with the villagers who live well away from the tourist circuit. "It happens always," one young man

informed me gravely when I came to a dead end in the village of Vassilatika. "We laugh when the cars pass. We know they must pass back again."

Plenty of tour companies sell inclusive holidays to Corfu, and it is possible, also, to make your own arrangements, buying a low-price air ticket and using the hotel booking services of London agencies of your local travel agent. The choice is very wide, from self-catering deals in villas and apartments, taverna holidays and conventional hotel "package deals".

But do leave yourself free to sample the tavernas, to travel around Corfu. Perhaps best of all is to be completely independent, so you may enjoy the beauty of the island by day and its infectious friendliness by night.

One of my memories is of the olive groves lining the narrow, ill-surfaced minor roads through which I constantly passed on my journeys of exploration. Huge black nets, designed to catch the falling crop, were spread out under all the trees and beneath them a carpet of meadow flowers and plants added a wonderful colour to the scene. Fireflies darted through the gloom on the journey across to Pelekas and Glifada, vying for beauty with the magnificent views from the heights above Paleokastritsa.

There is much more to Corfu than you will find if you merely stay close to the clusters of hotels around Dassia and Benitses, or Corfu town itself. So make up your mind that you are going to explore and discover, not

merely to "visit" Corfu.

Most major tour companies plus a number of smaller specialized agencies include Corfu in their programmes. A couple of weeks, say with half-board, costs between about £130 per person in a simple but comfortable taverna in low season to more than £600 in a *de luxe* hotel such as the Hilton in high season. In the villa market there is an equally comprehensive range, from small apartments sleeping two from £150 to £285 per person for two weeks to villas sleeping six which start at about the same price but go up to over £300 in the peak weeks. All these prices include the return air fare from London; but there are also many flights from regional airports, including Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle and Glasgow at additional cost.

Air fares on scheduled flights from London are £152 economy Excursion Advanced Booking (APEX). Charter air fares (limited numbers and frequencies) cost from about £85 to £130 from Gatwick or Luton. The hiring costs of a car vary but are around £110 per week for a Fiat 127. In low season it is worth while shopping around when you get there but in peak weeks the demand is such that you usually must book in advance. Avis, for example, have several types of car on offer from £104 to £148 a week.

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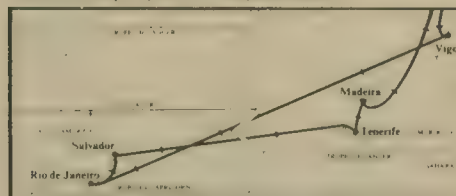
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MOTURING STUART MARSHALL

Lancia's latest



Lancia has never made a bad car. From the great racers of the early 1900s to the *avant garde* family saloons of the 30s, 40s and 50s Lancias have been technically inspired and visually appealing. Sadly, they became less and less profitable to manufacture and in 1969 Lancia collapsed under a huge burden of debt.

To the rescue came Fiat, which had prospered by motorizing Italy's masses, and as the 60s moved into the 70s Lancia's renaissance began. First new model was the Beta, a front-wheel drive saloon that looked as though it was meant to be a hatchback. The Beta was powered by a Fiat engine and had a five-speed gearbox developed during Fiat's brief *affaire* with Citroën, but was otherwise all Lancia. It spawned coupé and sporting estate car variants and was followed by the Gamma, Lancia's latest large car.

And now comes the car that will put Lancia into the moderately big league among Europe's car makers—the Delta. That it would have a Fiat engine was well known. One assumed it might be little more than a Fiat Ritmo (the car we call the Strada in Britain) with cosmetic alterations, a luxurious interior and Lancia badges.

Unexpectedly, the Delta turns out to be a genuinely new car in its own right. It does have the Ritmo's 1.3 or 1.5 litre engines, though Lancia's engineers have extracted another 10 horsepower from them. The Delta is longer in the wheelbase, though shorter overall than a Ritmo. This "wheel at each corner" philosophy pays off in ride quality and in handling and roadholding of the kind that Lancia owners have come to expect.

In profile, the Delta looks rather like a four-door version of a Volkswagen Scirocco. Admitting the similarity, Lancia points out that buyers of the smaller prestige cars are very conservative. The Delta's classic angularity will, it is felt, not date too quickly.

There is a lot of room inside the Delta despite its compactness. Even with the front seats pushed well back, two full-sized people are not cramped in the rear seats.

Three Delta models are being made. The simplest, a 1300 with four-speed gearbox, is unlikely to come to Britain.

We shall be getting the 1300 and 1500 with five speeds and perhaps a choice of automatic transmission in due course. A diesel-engined Delta is promised, too. Optional equipment includes headlamp washers, air conditioning, electric front windows, a sunroof and electrically heated front seats. These are a boon in the coldest weather and reflect Lancia's co-operation with Saab of Sweden. (There, the Delta will be sold as a Saab.)

On the strength of a brief but spirited driving session in the mountainous Italian countryside, I think the Delta 1300 and 1500 will appeal to differing kinds of owner in Britain, where they are due later this year. The 1300, which has an overdrive top gear, will be at its best on motorways, cruising quietly and very economically at 70 mph. The 1500, with a close ratio gearbox, has a 100 mph maximum and will provide sporty owners with great enjoyment. Both cars handle impeccably. Their rack-and-pinion steering is sharply responsive. Low profile tyres assure ample road grip and the wide track makes for stability under stress. The ride is level enough to please passengers and the seats are comfortable.

The 1300 five-speeder is faster in fourth gear than in fifth, with a maximum of 96 mph. It sustains 90 mph in fifth gear in a relaxed manner and has a fuel consumption of 44 mpg at 56 mph, 32.8 mpg at 75 mph. The 1500 is marginally thirstier at constant speeds; in town its 26.4 mpg average compares well with the 1300's 27.7 mpg.

Prices for the British market are not yet known. As the Delta must be cheaper than the Lancia Beta and dearer than the Fiat Strada, a range of £4,000 to £4,500 seems probable. It looks as though Lancia has introduced the Delta at exactly the right time. The 17-18 mpg "perk" car is bound to go out of favour as petrol prices rise. What the business motorist who has become accustomed to a luxurious interior and refined performance will then demand is a 30 mpg-plus car that is quiet, comfortable and still looks a cut above the rest. A Lancia Delta, in fact. Already it has got off to a promising start: a panel of international motoring journalists voted it 1979's Car of the Year.

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Sigma is the 18th letter of the Greek alphabet.

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Sapporo was the venue for the 1972 Winter Olympics and is the highly appropriate name for a breathtaking 2-door coupé from Colt, the crowning glory of a remarkable range of cars well worth studying in detail.

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Building on this basic Sigma 'equation', the Sapporo adds a wicked degree of luxury and a measure of extra style that leaves

the nursery slopes far behind. Above your head there's a unique aircraft-like console with a digital clock and a swivel mounted reading light and, at your fingertips, there's the smoothest ever power steering which is a standard feature of the Sapporo.

Both the Sapporo and the Sigma are available with either 5-speed gearbox or automatic transmission and are powered by the same highly economical 2-litre ohc engine with Mitsubishi's remarkable 'Silent Shafts' that cancel out conventional 4-cylinder vibration to give the smoothest ride ever. This 'total sum' quality of the Sigma and Sapporo have rapidly taken Colt cars into a class of their own through a wonderful balance of performance, comfort and quite exceptional reliability.

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DURHAM CARPETS
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Sèvres for the royal table

It is not often one can peer into a museum showcase and say: "I've eaten off that!" I had this gratifying experience the other day at the Queen's Gallery when I saw the very plate, or perhaps its twin, that once bore my pudding at a State Banquet.

The point of mentioning the fact is that the English royal collection of Sèvres porcelain is not only enormous, but very special. It still forms part of the accoutrements of a working monarchy and is used whenever an appropriate occasion arises. This, in turn, tells one something about the kind of material we are looking at.

Like so much else in English royal possession, the collection of Sèvres was accumulated by George IV. He started buying it before the French Revolution, when he was still Prince of Wales. Documents reproduced in the excellent catalogue show how those who were then responsible for the Sèvres manufactory mounted a real campaign to turn him into a customer, and at length succeeded. When the French Revolution released vast quantities of Sèvres on to the market the Prince continued to buy it, as he bought grand furniture from the French royal palaces. He took immense pleasure in his acquisitions, and apparently felt no prick of conscience about making them—his latest buys were regularly displayed for the admiration of his friends at Carlton House. One of the most important of his purchases was the immense service commissioned by Louis XVI for his own use in 1783. Production was finally brought to a halt in 1793, when Louis was executed. The Prince bought the service in two lots, in 1810 and 1811. He was still eagerly buying Sèvres in 1829, the year before he died.

The exhibition is instructive from several different points of view. One is stylistic. It demonstrates how almost all the major decorative styles of the 18th century were interpreted in porcelain. The interpretation was far from strict. Often two styles co-exist on the same piece. The vase on the cover of the catalogue has a neo-classical shape, but chinoiserie decoration. Style was also affected by use. Like many luxury manufactories, then and now, the Sèvres factory was almost always in financial trouble, especially as the French monarchs, though devoted patrons, expected it to pay its way. The bankruptcy of the French state in the years immediately preceding the Revolution made the situation still worse. As a result, we find those in charge of Sèvres desperately trying to sell their products in the English market.

At first their agent in England could report little success. His wares were considered too expensive and (this was in 1788) old-fashioned because of their rococo style. Yet the largest of the English royal services, bought by the Prince of Wales from the Duchess of



Manchester in 1802, is quintessentially rococo in shape and decoration. It seems as if the rococo after all retained its grip, even at the very height of neo-classicism, because it was seen as being quintessentially a "royal" style, whose opulence matched that of state occasions. Certainly the Prince himself never shook off his taste for it. Some of the grandest pieces in the whole collection are pure rococo even in date. An example is the fanciful pot-pourri vase in the shape of a ship, made in 1758. It almost certainly belonged to Madame

Sèvres porcelain: above, rococo tureen and dish from the Manchester service, which was bought from the Duchess of Manchester by the Prince of Wales in 1802; and left, a vase modelled by Hébert in 1757.

de Pompadour, who is recorded as having bought it in December, 1759, and it was purchased by the Prince Regent in Paris in 1817.

There is another feature of the exhibition which is just as interesting, but rather less obvious. We know a great deal about how Sèvres was made. Indeed many of the same processes are still carried out, in the same manner, in the surviving Sèvres factory of today. In addition, each piece is marked, not only with a date letter, but with other letters and signs which often enable scholars to determine just who was responsible for creating it.

Sèvres was hand-made, in difficult and intractable materials (soft-paste porcelain in particular was notoriously difficult to handle), but no single piece could be described as the work of one man. Each passed through many sets of hands before it was complete: among those responsible for any really elaborate object were the modellers, the repairers, who stuck the various bits together before firing, and very often two painters rather than one. Some

painters specialized in figure-scenes, some in flowers, some in decorative borders. Many of their names are known today, and the Sèvres archives record not only these but details of physical appearance and character. Nor was painted decoration the final part of the process. There was gilding, too, much of it elaborately hand tooled.

The exhibition at the Queen's Gallery stands defiantly for the principle that no trouble is too much: if the object is to give pleasure and, perhaps more important, confer prestige on its owner, then every detail must be perfect. But it is not craftwork in any recognizable sense: it is the product of a rigorous system, firmly directed from the top by people who never touched clay or glazes or painted a flower or put on a touch of gilding. Yet their imagination and determination to get what they wanted are an essential part of the result.

Sèvres is not fashionable today. Though prices have risen sharply, many people in the auction business think that 18th-century soft-paste Sèvres is still seriously underpriced compared to humbler wares. Seen in this royal context at the Queen's Gallery it comes into its own. It is not always in the best of taste, but it does have the confidence of its own convictions, which are not those of the nursery china cupboard.

Patchwork from Ireland

An exhibition of 48 patchwork quilts made in Ireland in the years between 1812 and 1935, collected by Alex Meldrum and presented by Kilkenny Design Workshops, toured Ireland last year and attracted more than 75,000 visitors. Now it is to come to Britain as part of the London festival of Irish arts to be held at various venues in February and March. The patchworks selected are made in all three of the main techniques: mosaic, in which the quilt is entirely composed of small pieces of fabric sewn together like a jigsaw puzzle; log cabin, in which strips of fabric are mounted by folding and hemming on to a background; and appliqué, often used with mosaic, in which motifs such as birds or flowers are sewn on to a ground, the stitches usually being buttonhole or herringbone. Patchworks are still being made in Ireland. Alex Meldrum created the quilted map of Ireland which we illustrate. Another modern practitioner is Ruth McDonnell, whose work is to be shown at the Peacock Theatre, Dublin, this month.



Top, mosaic and appliqué quilt, late 19th century. Above, map of Ireland by Alex Meldrum. Top right, detail of log cabin quilt, Morris family, late 19th century. Centre right, detail of mid 19th-century mosaic quilt lent by Country Workers Craft Trust. Right, detail of mosaic crazy quilt, 1935.

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Loss of dignity

"Two households, both alike in dignity" says the Chorus of *Romeo and Juliet*. We are not now in Verona but in Cleckleywyke and Chumpton-on-Sea. Though the first house—West Riding, period 1908—has a kind of bourgeois solidity as the home of Alderman Helliwell, the second, a West Country villa, period 1926, lost whatever dignity it did have as soon as Gerald Popkiss took over from the Mantle Hams.

One of J. B. Priestley's objects in *When We Are Married* (National; Lyttelton) is to show dignity deflated, not in one household but in three after dynamite has exploded in the Helliwell sitting-room. It is verbal dynamite, post-high-tea; it shatters the three couples who have assembled for the 25th anniversaries of their weddings. Probably it is fortunate that none of them hears the worst until after a vast, thick high-tea which should be a stay for the rest of the evening. The menu, announced by a shrill little starling of a 15-year-old maidservant—in a way she acts as chorus—includes roast pork, stand pie, salmon and salad, trifle, two kinds of jellies, lemon cheese tarts, jam tarts, Swiss tarts, sponge cake, walnut cake, chocolate roll, and a pound cake kept from last Christmas.

The terrifying list—it occurs very early—is one reason why we can call this a broad period comedy of manners in the West Riding Priestley knew when he was a schoolboy. The three husbands are in the upper crust of the prosperous, smugly self-sufficient, small-town businessmen of an insulated world. Dignity is lost in pomposity. Anything not immediately understood is nonsense, and Southerners from some vague, distant rim of the map are la-di-da. You cannot be la-di-da in Cleckleywyke and you certainly will not condone any carrying-on—all the more agonizing, then, for husbands and wives when they realize that through a technical illegality at their weddings they may themselves have been carrying-on for 25 years. Moreover, the chapel organist who breaks the news is both la-di-da and a Southerner. Hence the night of royal ructions.

This is a comedy as generously planned as its high-tea. At the centre are the couples whose lives appear to have come apart at the seams; there is much agreeable plain speaking and tyrant-toppling. We know that an almost Gilbertian situation will be resolved at the last in a way that will save some dignity and patch up households that can never be the same again. But even if we did not know this, nothing could prevent us from enjoying the richness of the characters both at the centre and on the perimeter, particularly a hazily alcoholic Press photographer and the Helliwells' staff of charwoman and maid.

Robin Lefevre has assembled the party at the Lyttelton with the detail it

needs. Two especially truthful performances, where all are right, are by Leslie Sands, as the alderman and Robin Bailey as the intolerable councillor for whom any utterance must be an oration.

The Helliwells, Parkers and Soppits—some of them, at least—would find the hanky-panky in *Rookery Nook* intensely Southern. They could hardly call it la-di-da because the piece—if I can summon C. E. Montague on Shaw—hurts across the stage of Her Majesty's like an express train rushing through a station and snatching up every straw and paper bag in its path.

Ben Travers, as master of the ceremonies, tells us that the Mantle Hams, whom we never see (and with such a name we miss them), have let the place for a month to Gerald Popkiss. I am sure that as Chumpton residents they would raise every eyebrow at the events that begin when a girl arrives, from "up the road", in fetching silk pyjamas. What happens next has become as familiar to the theatre at large as, say, a lesser farce, *Charley's Aunt*. Still, it is a long time since the last full-scale revival, and we can be grateful to Frank Dunlop for coping with the whirlwind and for a cast in shining Travers form. Nicky Henson manages the resourceful flurry, the figure-skating, of the Ralph Lynn part. Andrew Robertson is the victim from that long line of martyrs in the Aldwych game of Hare-and-hounds; and it is a pleasure to hear once more, now from Geoffrey Lumsden, the fiery Admiral's definitive statement of a game of bridge: "I dealt and called a brace of shovels. No-no-no. Right. Two shovels it was. This feller here led something—I don't know—a small sparkler. Twine, if you please, lays down a hand stiff with bloodthumpers."

My one regret is that Dora Bryan, practised comedienne, does overplay her hand as the daily woman, Lancastrian immigrant in Somerset. Otherwise, no worries.

I cannot think what the Helliwells or Popkisses would make of Hjalmar Ekdal's household in *The Wild Duck* (National; Olivier), Ibsen at his most theatrically cunning and often at his cruellest. The play is a fierce attack on meddling "idealists", the root-and-branch men with their insistence upon uncompromising truth no matter what the cost. In Christopher Hampton's supple translation the play renews itself on the Olivier stage, particularly during the interaction of Stephen Moore as Ibsen's sardonically comic portrait of a past-master in self-deception, Michael Bryant as the meddler, and Yvonne Bryceland and Eva Griffith as mother and daughter. Christopher Morahan directs; and Sir Ralph Richardson does not mitigate the fantasy of the old grandfather who goes shooting in the "forest" loft but who does somehow preserve a wild dignity ●

A moralepic

Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* may be a flawed movie. It is also a nearly great one. At a time when the cinema seems to be preoccupied with expensive sci-fi trash and mechanical horror, it lifts the whole motion picture art-form into another dimension by tackling questions of good and evil on an epic scale.

The fashionable objection to the film is that for two-thirds of its length it is a physically stunning journey through the Vietnam war but that it finally descends into "metaphysical mumbo-jumbo" and Brandoesque monotony. Bunkum: there are problems about the climax but my contention is that the film is fuelled throughout by a fascination with something larger than Vietnam and that it is much more than an adventure story with a climax tacked on to its end.

Drawing heavily on Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, John Milius and Francis Ford Coppola as joint authors show us a nerve-shattered Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) being sent on a mission to destroy Colonel Walter Kurtz, a brilliant career officer who has disappeared into Cambodia and who is waging his own savage, private war with the help of renegade "grunts" and local tribesmen. It is not immediately apparent what Kurtz's offence is. Only gradually in the course of Willard's journey up-river do we realize that it is more than defection or mutiny. It is that he is exposing the moral hypocrisy of the Americans who pretend to be waging a just war while pursuing a path of napalm destruction. Kurtz, as in Conrad, represents the heart of evil that lies inside man.

Anyone who cannot hear this theme being announced at the start of the film needs his ears cleaned. From the beginning we are told that good does not always triumph and that "sometimes the dark side overcomes what Lincoln called the better angels of our nature". We are also prepared for Kurtz's elevation into a pagan deity when someone says, "Out there with those natives it must be a temptation to be God." In other words a moral framework of good and evil is established at the start of the film; and what is amazing is how closely the events described can be applied to Jim Jones, the leader of the People's Temple who caused the mass suicide of 900 of his followers in Guyana in 1978. At the core of the film is a powerful myth that has applications far beyond Vietnam.

All this is not to deny that Coppola as director brilliantly re-creates the particularities of the Vietnam war. Anyone who has read Michael Herr's *Dispatches* will recall his image of the unreality of that war with its out-of-touch generals and its soldiery stoned on rock and dope. It is all here as Willard and his spaced-out crew glide up-river in a patrol boat while Mick Jagger's "I

Can't Get No Satisfaction" blares out from a tape deck.

And the justly famous sequence in which Robert Duvall's Lieutenant-Colonel Kilgore in a black John Ford cavalry officer hat leads a helicopter attack on a Vietcong beach-head embodies the almost surrealist quality of the Vietnam experience. In terms of sheer technique this sequence, with the helicopters advancing through the sky like an army of black beetles while "The Ride of the Valkyries" thunderously roars, is one for the anthologies. For me it belongs with the battle-sequence from Orson Welles's *Chimes at Midnight* as one of the great scenes of modern cinema.

But again it seems to me that Coppola relates these sequences to his overall moral theme: the triumph of evil in the heart of man. On one level Duvall's Kilgore is a good soldier who looks after his men and tries to create a home-from-home in an alien land, even to the extent of ordering them to go surfing. But surely Coppola's point is that men like Kilgore have succumbed to a corrupt ethos. When he says with undisguised regret, "Some day this war's going to end" and cheerily avers, "I like the smell of napalm in the morning" he, just as much as Kurtz, has suppressed the better angels of his nature.

Finally, after witnessing a grotesque Playboy Bunny show put on for American troops and ruthlessly destroying a Vietnamese sampan ("We'd cut them in half with a machine-gun and give them a Band-aid"), Willard and his crew arrive at Kurtz's temple stronghold. The weakness of the film here is not that it dwindles into metaphysics but that it never fully establishes Kurtz as a Conradian figure of evil. In terms of the story he should be someone who has surrendered to everything that is nihilistic, corrupt and malign. But as embodied by Marlon Brando he simply seems a bookish, exhausted recluse rather than someone of diabolical power. The flaw is not that the film changes direction: it is that Brando's bald, bloated scholar lacks the requisite symbolic power.

Yet even if it stumbles at the last fence it is still a masterly piece of cinema in that it allies the nightmare horror and madness of Vietnam to a larger vision of a moral blackness that may lie within man himself. At a time when so much of the American cinema resembles a multi-million-dollar strip-cartoon or a grotesquely expensive Christmas toy, it is heartening to find something that combines epic scale with epic theme. In his two *Godfather* films Coppola gave us an expansive vision of modern America. In *Apocalypse Now* he has gone further and given us an insight into the way spiritual cancer and advanced technology can be ominously combined ●

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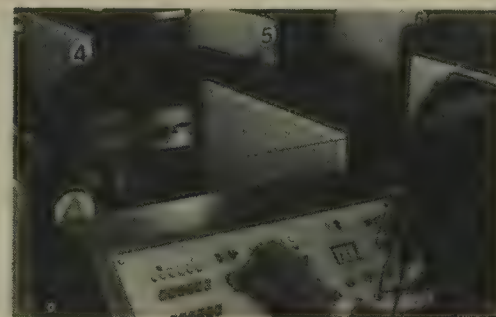
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Cinders and swans

It is good to be able to welcome back *Cinderella* into the Royal Ballet's repertory after a gap of four years. This, Frederick Ashton's first three-act ballet for a British company, is a work that in its choreography, in its wonderful Prokofiev music and in the Henry Bardon sets with their magical transformations holds an audience in enchantment whether they have come mainly for the dancing or for more generalized entertainment; and it is still the best interpretation of both the vivid score and the fairy tale.

On the first night of the revival at Covent Garden *Cinderella* was given a fine performance by Merle Park: light and girlish in Act I, she rose, with the noble support of Anthony Dowell, to the grand manner required in the ballroom scene; all she lacked was the delicate pathos which makes the character irresistibly lovable. Dowell has never looked better, and his fine execution of the solo in the ballroom made one long to see him dance more than the Prince has been given in this version.

The Fairy Godmother was danced superbly by Monica Mason: commandingly yet warm, technically assured but without hard corners, this was a performance both powerful and lovable. The Jester was Wayne Sleep: rising seemingly into the very flies with his immense leaps, this was almost a circus act in its aerial acrobatics. To make the character endearing as well as visually stunning, however, this Jester needs the sly wit, the sidelong observance of the other characters, particularly the Sisters, that can make him as much Chorus as court humorist.

And what of the Sisters, in Ashton's version almost the stars of the ballet? Let us grant at the outset that it is almost impossible to follow the Ashton-Helpmann duo. Certainly to attempt to imitate the originals would be doomed to failure, but on the other hand certain characteristics are implicit in both the music and in the choreography; and the roles are great ones that will ultimately permit of a variety of interpretations. The fact that the Opera House was not able to announce casting for these two major roles even as late as a week before the performance does seem to argue that a certain amount of trial and rejection, and of brain-racking, was going on.

In the event the Sisters were played by Michael Coleman, in the Ashton role of the younger, put-upon Sister, and Derek Rencher as the elder, bossy-bitches scold. Scuttling around the stage like a frightened mouse, and with paw-like hands-to-the-face gestures to match, Coleman's Sister was a touch too effacing, too depressed throughout. The character does, after all, have her moments of triumph—such as her fleeting success, compared with her Sister, in her attempts to

dance, and in her brief periods of possession of the larger orange; her delight in these, shining through her gloom like fitful sunshine, gains her sympathy when she is again cast down.

Rencher's Sister was nicely selfish and domineering, but too self-contained; and at times he strayed over the edge into Dame farce. He lacked Helpmann's acidity and bite. Above all the pair—no matter who dances them—need to work together for a long period, to achieve interplay and perfect timing. There were times when this slipped with Coleman and Rencher, but Ashton's sublime comic genius blew them through the performance like a bracing wind and there were many laughs.

Might I suggest a future casting? Stephen Jefferies has proved convincingly in such roles as the Joker in *Card Game* that his humour has a sharp cutting edge; could he not be tried, with David Bintley—if he can be spared from choreographing for the Sadler's Wells company—perhaps even interchanging roles? We are seeing too little of Jefferies any way, and it would be sad if the Royal Ballet were to lose him again, to Canada or to some other discriminating country.

I wish I could be more enthusiastic about the Royal Ballet's *Swan Lake*, presented as a revised and refurbished version in December. It used Leslie Hurry's fourth reworking of *Lake* designs and included the 1963 Ashton choreography for Act IV; and this newish production was under the supervision of the Royal Ballet's director, Norman Morrice, whose hand was so fine as to be almost imperceptible. The mixture was very much as before, except that the costume designs had been brightened to the point of garishness—there was a particularly glaring electric blue for the *pas de quatre* in Act IV.

Many purists dislike the Ashton Act IV on the grounds that in using it we lose the Ivanov version; but the better drives out the good and I find Ashton's melancholy lakeside vision, with the beautiful intermingling groups of swans and the lovely fluid arm movements, entirely satisfying.

Otherwise, considering that this *Swan Lake* was sponsored by Imperial Group, presumably with some generosity, I was disappointed to find so little improvement in a production that has never been satisfactory.

As to performance, Leslie Collier's Odette was gentle and bird-like enough and she passed the test of Act II with flying colours; but her Odile came unstuck both technically and in terms of characterization, her pseudo swan queen becoming a mere puppet under the direction of Derek Rencher's powerful and dominating Rothbart. Unstinted praise, however, for David Wall's noble Siegfried ●

Handel victorious

Many battles have been fought in this country in the past 30 years to secure for Handel's operas their deserved place in the repertory and there have been notable achievements but no lasting effects. Now the English National Opera have scored a resounding victory with a musically and visually spectacular production of *Julius Caesar*, conducted by Charles Mackerras, produced by John Copley, and with a cast that included three of our most distinguished mezzos, two of them in roles initially sung by castrati, which is to say that Mackerras was scrupulous in his attempt to re-create as nearly as possible Handel's vocal balance by maintaining the original pitch of the roles. In the edition he prepared with Noel Davies from the original 1724 score, in order to reduce the excessively long running time to a manageable three and a half hours, he chose to omit whole arias and one complete scene and to shorten the recitatives, rather than submit individual arias to the loss of their repeats. This decision to respect the *da capo* form, which is the basis of *opera seria*, enabled him to demonstrate the dramatic vigour which Handel infused into this conventional mode of musical expression.

It was backed up by a dignified, tactful production which gave impetus to the work's dramatic development without being intrusive; John Pascoe's richly gilded but uncluttered sets, with their tokens of Roman might and Egyptian wealth, could conjure up or dissolve a scene with the speed that is vital in such a long piece; and Michael Stennett combined classical and Elizabethan styles to create costumes of fantastic splendour.

The way in which the singers exploited the emotional content of their solos made a virtue out of the necessarily rigid structure of the work, with its succession of elaborate arias linked by recitative and varied only by the occasional duet. The action spans the period of Caesar's stay in Egypt from his victory over Pompey in 48BC to his crowning of Cleopatra as Queen, and the title role was forcefully and warmly characterized by Janet Baker who used her mastery of Handel's florid style to convey Caesar's rage at the murder of Pompey, his mistrust of King Ptolemy, his love for Cleopatra and his courage in the face of danger. The bewitching Cleopatra was Valerie Masterson, whose coolly seductive portrayal was accompanied by a dazzling display of precision singing, the aria "V'adoro pupille" being exquisitely done. The shared grief and craving for revenge of Pompey's widow and son were individually expressed by the mezzo voices of Sarah Walker and Della Jones, Cornelia's lamenting tones contrasting with Sextus's impulsive resolution, the two joining in a moving duet of farewell when both are imprisoned by Ptolemy.

This part was assigned to the counter-tenor John Angelo Messana, who sang neatly but was required to turn Ptolemy into a petulant, degenerate clown, not to be taken seriously as the arch-villain—a questionable decision on the producer's part. Far greater menace was conveyed by the dark tones of John Tomlinson as Ptolemy's general Achilles, whose music was sadly reduced to one aria in which he tries unsuccessfully to woo the captive Cornelia. There was a good cameo of Cleopatra's servant, Nireus, sung by the alto David James. The ENO orchestra played with precision and fervour for Charles Mackerras whose enthusiasm for the work galvanized the whole performance.

London had a rare opportunity to see some of the work of one of the regional companies when Scottish Opera paid a recent visit to Sadler's Wells Theatre, their first since 1973, with two new productions from their current Glasgow season, both conducted by the artistic director Alexander Gibson. Disappointingly, it was not an occasion of unalloyed delight.

First came *Don Giovanni* in an overcharged production by David Pountney which filled the stage with crowds of extras so that the interrelationships of the main characters were smudged; and Maria Björnson's bitty scenery, combining an arch enclosed in scaffolding, a statue of a riderless horse, slatted blinds and a spiral staircase, added to the confusion—the first performance was moreover bedevilled by ill-functioning lighting. At the same time as emphasizing Giovanni's overworked sexuality—at the end of the champagne aria, superbly sung by Robert Lloyd amid a group of peasants, he beckons off one of the girls to add her name to his list—Pountney showed him as a man of violence with no redeeming charm. Elvira's sufferings were expressed with painful intensity by Felicity Palmer in a magnificently sung assumption of the part; Norma Sharp was a secure and impassioned Anna; Maria Slorach a vocally sound Zerlina who knew how to get her man; Robin Leggate a mellifluous Ottavio of unusual authority; Willard White's soft-grained singing took the edge off the character of Leporello; Oddbjörn Tennfjord was a firm-voiced Commendatore. It was a performance of considerable vocal distinction, in spite of a tendency for stage and pit to drift apart.

Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice*, though adequately sung, was afflicted by a production of unimaginative bareness—it was apparently set in a marquee—which nevertheless managed to fudge the simple story line, and a feebly inept ballet with Blessed Spirits dressed as nuns. Perhaps the company's next visit in April will give a better picture of its achievements ●

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Advice for hard times

The rise in interest charges had a serious effect both on existing householders who were still carrying the mortgage millstone, and on the residential property market as a whole. With mortgage interest rates at an all-time high, the market was bound to be affected: prices faltered and, in some cases, fell; vendors felt that they should wait until the doubts had cleared; and buyers who had carefully done their sums on the old basis did them again on the new and saw that their dreams were unrealistic.

There was a quick response to all this from estate agents, building societies and others with a finger in the housing pie. Perhaps the most interesting reaction was a circular by the Nationwide Building Society, one of a regular series of informative bulletins about house buying statistics issued by the Society. This showed that house purchase, even at 15 per cent mortgage interest rate, still proved to be ahead of inflation. An interest rate of 15 per cent means a net mortgage rate after tax relief at the basic rate of 10.5 per cent. If the annual rate of inflation as measured by the retail price index is 18 per cent, this creates a value difference of minus 7.5 per cent—proof enough, perhaps, that house purchase is still one of the best buys.

Few would disagree with the statement that ownership of a house has proved a profitable investment over the years. The exceptions are usually those cases in which serious, undiscovered faults caused subsequent substantial expenditure, a problem which might have been averted by a good structural survey before purchase. Rents, even in the social sector, are rising. At the luxury end of the market, largely because of foreign interest, they now bear little relation to real cost. Even local authority and housing association rents in areas outside strong political influence have risen, or are rising to a level well beyond the traditional 10-15 per cent of income of the British. European equivalents, however, where funding is more complex, are nearer 25 per cent, sometimes higher, of income. The British have paid much less for their housing than the French and the Germans for a long time.

There are two worrying factors about the present state of the market. First, the building societies must be convinced of an applicant's capacity to pay back what he has borrowed. The level of interest has a bearing on the multiple the societies employ in calculating this capacity. The amount which an applicant can borrow has, in special cases, been as high as four times his annual income. "Special cases" would be, for example, the highly qualified with potentially high earnings in a year or two. If applicants' average earnings have been about £6,000 a year, a lending level of £18,000 has become a kind

of standard. The current high interest rates mean that lending, in some cases, might now be only twice salary—on the same average of £6,000 a year, this means an advance of only £12,000. Where a man and his wife own jointly, societies may increase the amount borrowed by her annual salary. Even so, substantially less is likely to be available than formerly. Prices are not likely to drop as much as the difference so that people will have to find that much more as their portion of what goes into the purchase. These days it is difficult to build up savings and the fact that a majority of buyers must now have more cash available to buy must slow the market.

The second factor is the amount of money flowing into the societies. At the time of writing the latest information is that the flow is smaller than expected. There is an optimistic group of societies which believes that it will improve—but there is an equally strong view that it will be insufficient. Whatever the expert view, there is a chance that the flow will be sufficient to improve lending levels beyond even the present record figures—and if this happens the societies will lend to those who are good risks on properties which are structurally sound. Everything must depend on the money which the societies attract over the next few months. As always the societies must remain the key to the housing market, simply because they are the paymasters of the owner-occupiers.

But another factor is that of business confidence. Any market needs it and if governments persist in painting totally gloomy pictures of the economy buyers will pick and choose and procrastinate as long as there is economic uncertainty. They are probably wrong to do so: if the average price of a house is, say, £27,000, the difference between the old and the new interest rates is about £450 a year on an average borrowing level. If the present interest levels last for, say, two years, then the comparison is between borrowing now at a cost of £900 or borrowing an additional £3,000 or £4,000 in two years' time when prices have risen because of shortage and because the market has been bottled up for too long. That £3,000 or £4,000 is borrowed over 25 years. The cost, therefore, proves to be well above the current interest cost of £900.

This may be tough logic; at the bottom end of the earnings scale, there are first-time buyers trying desperately to set foot on the first rung of the housing ladder, and finding it difficult, if not impossible. But if they can stretch to it, they would be well advised to do so. The sooner that first important step to home ownership is taken the better. This has nearly always been the case and, for the future, it seems that it will still be the rule ●

Tied to the steak

As steak becomes more and more expensive, you want to be sure that it is very good. If you have a reliable butcher that is splendid; if not you can do far worse than go to one of the restaurants that specializes in steak as its reputation rests on having the best and it buys enough for it to be worthwhile for its suppliers to take trouble.

Simply Steaks at Hampstead has the advantage of not being one of a chain. Although it is under the same ownership as Le Routier at Camden Lock and The Great American Disaster they all have different specialties. The advantage of this is that it encourages better food for the surrounding courses. Steakhouses on the whole concentrate on the calibre of their steaks and are not worried by mass production or mass purchase of the other courses they serve. Not for Simply Steaks the cardboard-covered scampi of the chain; instead they have two good, home-made soups (of the liquidizer rather than the stock pot school of cookery but none the worse for that), half a dozen beautifully served salads and home-made sweets. My daughter, discovering trifle for the first time, thought it wonderful and the chocolate mousse was well above average. The only drawback is the cramped premises and the busy service. They do not bustle you but in a restaurant that size they have to get through several sittings and it shows. It is a place to have a quick and delicious meal before the late show at the Everyman cinema; not a place to linger over your brandy.

Similarly unencumbered by being in a chain is Le Steak Nicole. Some readers may remember that this restaurant opened a few years ago as a speciality steak restaurant and then gradually drifted away from the idea. It has now been taken over by Tony Clare, once in advertising and formerly at Rowley's in Jermyn Street. This is an asset, not a liability. Those who come into the restaurant world from outside are either very good or very bad. If they are very bad, which usually comes from not being aware of what they do not know, they sink quickly. But if they are aware of how much they have to learn they usually limit their ambitions and, working within a narrow range, achieve success.

The standards of Le Steak Nicole are high and any slight drawbacks in the efficiency of the service are more than made up for by enthusiasm and goodwill. There is virtually no choice: two salads for a first course or with the steak, garlic or not in the steak's butter sauce and a more pedestrian selection of puds than at Simply Steaks, but what they do they do well. The house wine is good, served in large carafes and charged as drunk. There is also a respectable champagne at £7 a bottle.

In the old days the last thing you would have gone to Prunier's in St

James's for was steak; but, alas, that splendid and controversial haven of fish cuisine has long since departed and in its place Suntory Whisky has installed a temple of Japanese gastronomy. (It, too, may be controversial since Egon Ronay gives it a star but the Good Food Guide ignores it as it ignored Prunier's.)

The Suntory has two restaurants in the same building and one of them, the Teppan, is dedicated to steak, Japanese style. The steaks do not actually come from Kobe where they massage the animals with *saki*, but they are very good and you can drink the *saki* yourself which seems less of a waste.

You sit at what looks like a baccarat table, except that the area for the cards is a heated metal cooking surface on which your steak and its accompaniments are cooked before your eyes. It also provides a solution as to how to keep *saki* hot—outside the traditional one of drinking it fast and having a refill, which is apt to result in early intoxication. Here you can place your little carafe on the edge of the hot plate.

There is a set menu called Royal Teppan Yaki which costs a basic £10 and includes a titbit at the beginning—in our case seaweed—a beautiful clear soup served from a teapot, steak with shrimps, mushrooms, courgettes and onions, plain boiled Japanese rice and a sweet course for which we had no room. The whole meal was, as always in Japanese restaurants, delicious and beautifully served, in this case by a Japanese waitress in a kimono. One word of caution: the dining-room can get hot with all this cooking going on so make sure you are suitably attired.

One of the best ways of serving beef is raw. There is steak tartare if you wish, but far more delicate is Filet Carpaccio. Cut 1lb of cold beef fillet into as thin slices as you can manage (the colder the thinner). Whisk together mayonnaise, a little Worcester sauce, a pinch of dry mustard and a few drops of tabasco. Thin with a little beef stock and serve with the beef.

The following dish of cooked steak I learned from the Earl of Gowrie, Government minister, poet and bon vivant. Trim a one inch thick slab of well-hung rump steak. Paint on both sides with English-made mustard. Coat thickly with a mixture of coarsely ground juniper berries ($\frac{3}{4}$) and black peppercorns ($\frac{1}{4}$). Press firmly in and leave in refrigerator for a few hours. Fry in a little fat over a medium flame, leaving the centre nearly raw. Allow to cool. Cut into long slices half an inch wide ●

Simply Steaks, 66 Heath Street, London NW3 (01-794 6775).

Le Steak Nicole, 72 Wilton Road, London SW1 (01-834 7301).

Suntory Restaurant (Teppan Room), 72 St James's Street, London SW1 (01-409 0201).

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On the scrap heap at 14?

When Tim first came to Dr. Barnardo's, he was a right little tearaway. At 14, he already had a long history of petty theft and a habit of truanting from school. Not that they wanted him there—he couldn't settle down and wasn't interested in anything the teachers had to say.

In fact, to Tim, it seemed that nobody had ever wanted him. Not his father, who spent all his spare time in the pub. Not his stepmother who had two children of her own. Not his granny who could barely feed herself on her pension—let alone a growing lad.

Perhaps Tim started to steal when his mother died. Perhaps when his father remarried. He can't remember. But when he was caught for the second time and put into care, his family rejected him completely. They refused to visit him or go with him to court.

Things went from bad to worse for Tim. In the three years between his first appearance in juvenile court and his 14th birthday, he lived in no less than five institutions and made nine appearances before the magistrate. It seemed just a matter of time before he graduated to Borstal and on to Prison itself.

That's where Barnardo's stepped in. We run a number of small residential homes for children like Tim. Kids who have got off on the wrong foot. Rejected, first by their own families, then by society at large.

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WINE PETA FORDHAM

Fit to lay down

When buying higher-priced wines you are at least paying proportionately more for the wine. The same amount of tax is paid on a superb Mouton as on a bottle of plonk, which is some consolation for having to dip heavily into the pocket, for the best wines are expensive indeed, both for immediate drinking or for laying down. Happily, the expert can still find a few good buys.

It becomes ever truer that value lies most safely in the old-established houses of the trade; and while all of us like a successful flutter (I once bought five bottles of a superb Lafite for just £2 from the shelf over the bar of an Irish pub, described as "That dusty old rubbish"! it is to the tried and trusted that you should go today. This is especially true for French wines, and it is with France that we are mainly concerned. Here, vintages over the past few years have often differed unusually from region to region with the weather, making mere recommendations of the year unreliable. It is much better to buy on the advice of the skilled palate.

But before considering further along French lines it can be suggested for those who like to find things for themselves, that the best Riojas are a good bet, long-lasting, full and fruity and amenable to earlier drinking, in emergency, so long as the bottle is opened well in advance, even overnight, as the producers advise in these circumstances. A new find is Emilio Lustau's Bodegas del Principe Pio Red, 1973 (£2.65).

It is often possible to combine in one bottle the requirements for laying-down and earlier drinking; but here, expert advice is essential. Many a youngish wine, waiting to come up to the "top", can be drunk with pleasure before that date: many growths cannot. Cordier's superb Gruaud Larose can on occasion sulk badly in middle age. Be sure, therefore, to check what can be drunk earlier if necessary. Take English advice here: the French, and now the Italians, are drinking their wine far too young. The reason is they find it too expensive to keep capital tied up while the wine matures.

I went first to Berry Bros & Rudd. They have a 1975 Bordeaux, a St-Estèphe, Château Beausite (Berry-bottled). This is delicious already but it will improve for at least three to five years: £6.04. Château de la Marque 1975 (Château-bottled Haut-Médoc) is a lovely, tough wine, which will probably reach its peak by 1985: £5.44. From Burgundy, they recommend Savigny-les-Beaune Les Guettes 1976, Berry-bottled, surprisingly full and heavy for this wine, best kept for about three years and capable of reaching 1990 in good shape: £5.92. They also have a tremendous 1975 Crozes-Hermitage, an earthy Rhône, which will last until at least 1995 and might see the new century in: Berry-bottled and £5. This I would not open yet.

Corney & Barrow, now ensconced in suitably noble new premises in Helmet Row, London, EC1, are enthusiastic about the 1975s for laying down: and there are some bargains though prices are pretty high overall. This 1975 vintage can be a wonderful investment; it is, however, as Corney & Barrow say, "not one to buy indiscriminately" and it would be wise to consult them on life-expectancy. All château-bottled, a Château Robin (Bordeaux Supérieur) is only £2.60. Château de Barbe (Côtes de Bourg) is £2.85. A beautiful Château Malescot-St-Exupéry is £6.50; a Château Carbonnieux £6.70; a Château Cantemerle £7.10 and a Château Léoville-Barton £8.30 were outstanding, topping up with a Château Giscours at £8.85. These magnificent but expensive wines are all for laying down.

For more immediate drinking, a Château La Fleur Petrus 1974 (just across the road from Petrus itself) is £6.50, delicious already and improving all the time. From 1971, look at a Fonsac Château La Venelle £2.70 and a Château de Sales from Pomerol £4.50. The best of the beautiful 1971s are becoming difficult to find. Try at least the £7.80 Château La Clotte, a Grand Cru Classe of St Emilion—a delight now but with lots of potential. Another St Emilion of that great vintage, now going through its difficult middle-age in some cases, is a Château Canon ler Grand Cru Classe, which should not be missed for a special future occasion. An economical bottle is a Graves of 1972, a Château Bernard Raymond of 1972 which at £2.90 is a pretty fair buy.

I should be sorry not to include some Cordier wines both for drinking immediately and laying down. There are some glorious wines here, at the new headquarters, The Malt House, London End, Beaconsfield, Bucks; and a warm recommendation for the Wine Plan run by Greens, of Royal Exchange, an old-established house, which includes a year's free storage for customers. Look at Unit Two.

Space dictates less than deserved detail on such houses as Laytons, with some particularly good Rhônes and few can excel Loeb—perfectionist in this region. Hedges & Butler have a list full of bargains at good prices, mostly for drinking now, and there are good burgundies at Côte d'Or wines, 88 Pithanger Lane, London W5.

What of the future? France still holds the lead, but you could wager safely that Italy and Iberia will soon be found in most gourmet cellars. There is no harm in sampling some of those superb Barolos ahead of the crowd (great keepers these); Hunt & Braithwaite have a magnificent 1974 Riserva La Brenta D'Oro, about £3, and an astonishing Dao, Grao Vasco, £2.50 to £3, is from Rawlings Voigt. It is a bargain, not too expensive, yet fit for a special occasion now. ●



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Converting capital

Despite the substantial income tax cuts that have been made (plus the prospect of rather more limited improvements in the future), tax is still an important subject when contemplating the investment of capital, or saving from income.

One of the attractions of regular-premium life assurance policies is that, currently, in view of the tax credit which normally is allowed, effectively premiums are subject to a discount of $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The Government has hinted at the possibility of abolishing this tax credit but there are good grounds for thinking that it will be maintained—albeit at a lower level.

For higher-rate taxpayers, qualifying life policies have many advantages—even if the tax credit is not obtainable. At present, it is allowed only on the first one-sixth of income paid towards qualifying life assurance contracts.

Whether, therefore, the tax credit is applicable or not, there are good reasons for converting capital into a qualifying life policy. First there is the tax position of the life office's fund. Investment income accumulates net of tax at a maximum rate of $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, which is significantly lower than the marginal tax rate paid by higher-rate taxpayers.

The second important tax advantage of a qualifying life policy is that the maturity value is free from tax in your own hands. Neither higher-rate income tax nor capital gains tax has to be paid when the capital is taken.

To secure the tax advantages of a qualifying policy premiums must be paid regularly. Also, a policy must be arranged initially for not less than ten years. In theory, each year, enough capital can be realized to fund the premium.

But it is not everybody who wants to take that risk: there is the possibility that, in some years, when the premium is due, existing investments could be standing at a low level.

One way round this difficulty is to realize investments to meet more than a year's premium when it looks as though prices are relatively high. But often this is easier said than done. A method of avoiding risk is to make available at the outset all the capital which ultimately will be transferred into the qualifying policy. How should that be invested until the premiums fall due?

One arrangement is to buy low-coupon dated gilt-edged securities, which will be redeemed more or less when premiums fall due. This is safe, in that there is guaranteed tax-free capital appreciation until redemption. But unfortunately there are comparatively few securities that can be used in this way, and thus redemption dates will not occur as and when would be most convenient from the premium-paying point of view. Sometimes, therefore, it may be necessary to fund premiums before redeeming a security, or to hold cash because a redemption date occurs

some months before a premium is due.

An easier arrangement is to use the balance of the capital, after paying the first annual premium, to buy a term annuity. A life office will then guarantee to pay a set amount annually for nine years. But part of the benefit will be taxable, as investment income.

While there is no need to buy the term annuity from the same insurance company with which the qualifying policy is arranged, a number of life offices offer package deals. As an example, the Scottish Provident Institution has a policy known as Hallmark. A temporary annuity can be used to provide the funds each year for the profit-sharing qualifying life policy.

If the package is used, for anyone paying no more than standard rate tax, over the initial ten-year period the net income from the annuity should be more than enough to pay the premiums towards the qualifying policy—leaving an addition for "spendable income". Or it could be used to fund premiums towards a completely separate policy.

Increasingly, capital is being converted into unit-linked policies; here, a policy is linked directly to a particular fund of investments, and the value of the policy varies according to fluctuations in the price of the underlying investments. There is no need to be restricted to investment in a particular sector: the linking of a policy can be switched from one fund operated by a life office to another, for example from British equities to property or to gilt-edged securities.

The capital, too, before transfer to the qualifying policy, can be invested in a unit-linked policy. If a single-premium policy is arranged, and withdrawals are made from it, there is the risk that the value of the units may be relatively low when a fixed annual premium has to be paid. But Albany Life Assurance has introduced the idea of the initial capital sum being invested in single-premium unit-linked policies which mature in successive years—to provide the annual premiums for the qualifying policy.

Fixed premiums, however, do not have to be paid to the qualifying policy. They can vary between 0.7 of and 1.4 times the initial annual premium. With this arrangement the single-premium policies are linked to exactly the same funds as the qualifying policy. If, therefore, the units allocated to the single-premium policy should be at a relatively low level when an annual premium is due, usually the premium can be paid without further funds having to be provided. It should be possible to pay a premium equivalent to the value of the maturity value of the single-premium policy, low as that may be. If the units have performed well, a higher premium can be paid. In each case the premium paid towards the qualifying policy is eligible for the tax credit, so long as that exists.

Striking revival

In recent years the World Championship has become invested with qualities of intense excitement amounting almost to high drama. Between the mid 1950s and the mid 70s the event had been won year after year with few exceptions by Italy. Then in 1975, on the occasion of its Silver Jubilee at Bermuda, the hitherto inevitable winners seemed at one time quite hopelessly lost in their final against the USA. With more than half the match already played, they were no fewer than 77 IMPs in arrears. Mostly due to their own wrong-headed safety-first tactics against desperate opponents, the Americans then proceeded to lose more than 100 IMPs in 45 boards.

Two years later, in the Philippines, the same American sextet played a part in a similar drama, though with their own role reversed. This time it was their opponents who proceeded to squander in the course of 60 boards a commanding lead of 82 IMPs and to lose the match by 30. Uniquely, these opponents were also American, competing as holders, a qualification since abolished.

Again two years later, in late 1979 at Rio de Janeiro, six nations were mustered to represent their various zones: North America, South America, Europe, Far East, South Pacific and a newly-enlisted Central America and Caribbean. Despite recent successes in the Olympiad Teams and Pairs, Brazil disappointed and it was the Australians who were in contention for a place in the final right up to the last few boards of the qualifying phase. But as had been forecast from the start, the two finalists were Italy and the USA.

After 32 boards and one third of the match, the USA had nullified the 37 IMP deficit that had been carried forward against them from their matches against Italy in the round-robin and had put on a total of 62 to lead by 25. Early in the last third Italy's fortunes took a disastrous dive to reach minus 66 IMPs by the 80th board. But in the last 16 boards there was such a striking revival that, though they were never to regain the lead, their margin of loss was only 5 IMPs.

It is easy enough to pick on quite a number of hands where the result might well have been reversed. This is an excellent Six Heart contract though one where there are admittedly no wasted cards.

| | |
|----------------|-------------|
| ♠ K 9 2 | Dealer East |
| ♥ A 8 7 6 4 2 | Game All |
| ♦ A | |
| ♣ A 5 3 | |
| ♠ Q 8 3 | ♠ J 7 5 4 |
| ♥ Q J | ♥ K |
| ♦ Q J 10 7 4 3 | ♦ 9 6 5 2 |
| ♣ 8 7 | ♣ Q 6 4 2 |
| ♠ A 10 6 | |
| ♥ 10 9 5 3 | |
| ♦ K 8 | |
| ♣ K J 10 9 | |

The Italians with their fine tradition of slam bidding might have been expected to bid more subtly than One Heart by North, after three passes and Four Hearts by South. The American team encountered some mild obstruction.

| West | North | East | South |
|------|-------|------|-------|
| 1 ♦ | DBL | No | No |
| No | 3 ♥ | No | 4 ♥ |

It is usually accepted that, after a cue-bid, a sequence remains forcing at least until a suit has been agreed. Three Hearts is therefore quite unnecessary and deprives South of the space in which to jump the bidding from Two Hearts to Four. On any lead 12 tricks are there for the taking if trumps are two and one. Declarer takes his Ace of Hearts, eliminates spades and diamonds after pitching a spade on Diamond King, and pushes one of the defenders in with his second trump.

When the second last board came on view, only 17 IMPs separated the two teams. Both East-West pairs played in Three No-trumps, though with some slight but significant difference in the bidding.

| | |
|--------------|----------------|
| ♠ 3 | Dealer South |
| ♥ A 9 8 7 3 | North-South |
| ♦ 6 5 | Game |
| ♣ Q 10 9 5 3 | |
| ♠ J 9 | ♠ A K 10 8 6 2 |
| ♥ K 4 2 | ♥ Q J 10 |
| ♦ A J 9 8 | ♦ Q 7 2 |
| ♣ J 8 7 6 | ♣ K |
| ♠ Q 7 5 4 | |
| ♥ 6 5 | |
| ♦ K 10 4 3 | |
| ♣ A 4 2 | |

The unopposed bidding with USA East-West:

| West | No | 1NT | 2NT |
|------|-----|-----|-----|
| East | 1 ♠ | 2 ♠ | 3NT |

North led Club Ten and was able to clear clubs after losing to the Jack, but West could take no more than seven tricks.

| West | No | 2 ♣ | 2NT |
|------|-----|-----|-----|
| East | 1 ♠ | 2 ♠ | 3NT |

With clubs bid against him, North led a small heart, won by West. Spade Jack from West was allowed to hold and Spade Ace won trick three. Declarer led Diamond Queen to King and Ace and then led a heart. North won, switched to Club Five, won the next club with the Nine and switched back to hearts, on which South was forced to throw his last club. Spade King was cashed and Diamond Nine finessed, but when Diamond Ten now failed to drop declarer had only eight tricks. He might have done better to leave the Spade King in dummy before finessing diamonds. South could be planted with the lead on the fourth round of diamonds and have to lead into dummy's spades. An astute South can counter by disposing of his Diamond Ten under the Ace, leaving West with two losing clubs ●



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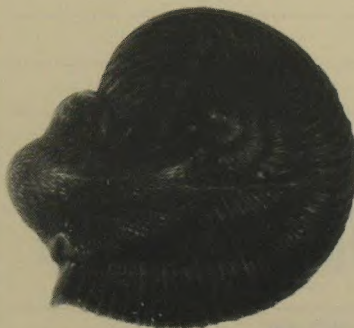
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Christopher Brasher, himself a former Olympic Games gold medallist, discusses the careers and personalities of these two very different men and attempts to answer the question likely to dominate British sport for most of 1980 – who will bring home the gold, Coe or Ovett?



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